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ROBERT SOUTHWELL, S. J. (1595.)

BY W. JOS. WALTER, AUTHOR, OF "THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR THOMAS MORE," ETC.

"And smit with feelings of the olden days,
Revive the music of neglected lays."

Daniel, (1595.)

Born at St. Faith's, in Norfolk, 1561.—Sent to Paris for his education, 1576.—Enters the Society of Jesus, 1578. Enters the mission in England, 1586.—Suffers martyrdom at Tyburn, February 21st, 1595.

THE eloquent Burke has said, that, "it is a more than pleasing, it is a generous labor to attend to the neglected, and to remember the forgotten." The charming writer, whom we feel proud to make the subject of our opening article, enjoyed the favor of the public in his day;—in those dark days of persecution, when it might have been thought, that they who held the religion of the author in such abhorrence, would not "have listened to the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely." And yet, that Robert Southwell's writings were the favorites of all creeds and professions, is evident from the numerous editions of his works, from the sale of the first publication in 1587, to his latest in 1592, numbering above twenty editions. We are credibly informed, that the great arch-persecutor herself, the stern Elizabeth, she whose hand signed the poet's death warrant,* was a devoted admirer of his productions, and carried a copy about with her in her progresses; nay more, Father More and others assure us, that, in spite of her characteristic parsimony, she caused an edition of his poems to be printed at her private expense. It is matter of surprise and regret, that productions once so popular, should have been suffered to slumber among forgotten things. Let us endeavor, to the best of our power, to atone for the neglect, by making some of Southwell's beauties familiar to our readers, and at the same time, by making them acquainted with the writer.

Robert Southwell, third son of Sir Richard and Brigit Southwell, was descended of an ancient family, distinguished in the an-

* In a letter from Bishop Milner to the writer (dated St. Mary's college, Oscot, October 20th, 1822), he says, "I return you thanks for your very acceptable present of a copy of the poems of the blessed Southwell. The smoothness of his verses, in Elizabeth's reign, is the best argument that can be found for the genuineness of Chatterton's Rowley. How that female monster could tear in pieces so sweet a Philomel (admitting her to be destitute of all religious feeling), it is hard to conceive. Accept of my best wishes for the success of your endeavors to direct attention to works that have been but too long neglected; in which elegant language is made the vehicle of religious sentiments, and in which, to use the words of the blessed Southwell himself, "it may be seen how well verse and virtue can be made to suit together."

nals of his country.* He was born at St. Faith's, in Norfolk, in the year 1561. We learn from one of his letters, preserved in the archives of the college in Rome, that, when he was little more than a year old, a Gipsy woman made her way into the room where he lay in his cradle, and stole him away; but that fortunately his nurse, who had quitted the apartment but for a moment, returned in time to perceive the vagrant and recover her charge. He is said to have been a very beautiful child,—an attraction which was no doubt speculated upon by the woman who stole him. In after years, Southwell was more than once heard to return thanks to God for his deliverance from what might have proved a career of turpitude and vice. One of his first cares after his return to his native country, was to inquire for his old nurse, to whose watchful care he was so deeply indebted—a trait of character highly honorable to his feelings. But he did not rest content with inquiries after her temporal well-being; learning that she had fallen away from the faith, and embraced the new religion,—a system more congenial to flesh and blood, he exerted himself, and with success, in bringing her back to those ways of peace, which rendered her last moments happy.

His early years are represented as giving promise of future excellence. Obedience to his parents, docility to his instructors, and gentleness to all, won him every heart. The liveliness of his manner was, at the same time, attempered by a gravity beyond his age. In his celebrated letter to his father, we have a pleasing allusion to his early years. His words are: "He may be a father to the soul, who is a son to the body. 'Let him,' says St. Climacus, 'be thy father, who both can and will disburthen thee of thy sins.' Now, such a father you may have in your own son, to enter your family in the prerecited affinity, of which it was happily a significant presage, or boding of the future event, that, even from my infancy, you were wont, in merriment, to call me your *father;* such being the customary style allotted to my present estate [Father of the Society of Jesus]." In another part of the same letter, he beautifully observes: "God measureth not his endowments by number of years. Hoary senses are oftimes couched under youthful looks, and some are riper in the spring, than others in the autumn of their age. The Scripture teacheth us, that God unveileth to little ones that which he concealeth from the wisest sages. His truth is not abashed by the minority of the speaker; for out of the mouths of infants and sucklings HE can perfect his praise."

At the age of fifteen, he was sent by his father to Paris, for his education, knowing the dangers to which his faith would be exposed in the colleges at home. "In doing this," to use the words of Father Bartole, the biographer of the order, "the father little dreamed that he was providing for his own salvation in that of his son; and yet such was the fact. Sir Robert Southwell, after the death of his first wife, had married a lady, who was one of the dames of honor to Queen Elizabeth. This brought him in contact with a court, in the looseness of whose morality, and in the contagion of whose bad example, he had every thing to fear for the integrity of his faith. The consequence was such as there was too great reason to apprehend; Sir Robert fell away from the faith of his fathers, and accepted an appointment in the queen's household. Nothing could exceed the grief of his son Robert, when he heard of his father's apostacy. Not content with pouring forth daily prayers for his return to the truth, he addressed a letter to him, which is a model of that eloquence which goes directly to the heart. His father had but to read it, in order to enter into himself, acknowledge his error, and atone for the past by newness of life."

* The family of Southwell derives its name from the manor and town of that name, in Nottinghamshire. Two of its members were privy councillors to Henry VIII, and to Queen Mary. In 1717, Sir Thomas Southwell was raised to the peerage, and in 1776, the third lord was created Viscount Southwell. In the English "Catholic Directory," of the present year, the name of Viscount Southwell is seen heading the list of the Catholic charities of his country. In 1837, the author of this article had occasion to consult his lordship respecting an original MS. of Father Southwell in his possession. On this occasion he declared, with much warmth, that he felt more proud in pointing to such a name in his pedigree, than of all the rest of the family honors together.

In Paris, Southwell was placed under the care of Mr. John Cotton, a member of the distinguished family of that name. Under his roof he had the good fortune to become acquainted with Father Darbisher, of the Society of Jesus, to whom he became warmly attached, and from whom he no doubt imbibed that love for the order, which afterwards ripened into the most enthusiastic attachment. His turn of mind becoming known to the gentleman who had the charge of him, he was closely watched, and every obstacle thrown in the way of his following what he conscientiously considered to be his vocation. He, however, found means to elude the vigilance of his guardian, and not having money sufficient to defray the expenses of a journey to Rome, travelled the greater part of the way on foot.

A college for the supply of missionaries to his native country, had, by the pious zeal of the good Cardinal Allen, been recently established in the capitol of the Christian world. Anticipating, as it were, the crown of martyrdom that was to be awarded to his zeal, our young enthusiast felt ambitious to enrol his name among the members of the infant community, into which he was received, on the 18th of October, 1578, being then in his eighteenth year. In this retreat, he was enabled to satisfy that thirst for knowledge, which seems early to have taken possession of his heart. His assiduity was unbounded, and he successively outstripped his competitors in the classes of poetry, rhetoric and theology. He at the same time applied himself closely to the study of his native language, an acquirement that was, in general, but too much neglected by those educated abroad. What degree of proficiency he made, is abundantly proved by his numerous productions both in prose and verse, to make our readers acquainted with which is the principal object of the present article.

At the age of twenty-two, he was appointed prefect of studies, an office that he filled with a capability, "which," to use the words of Father More, "was rendered necessary by the number of talented youth of which the English college in Rome could at that time boast." And he adds, "He won the hearts of all by the suavity of his manners and by that modest dignity which is the best guardian of discipline and authority, and far better calculated to effect its purpose than austerity of manners."

But a new scene was opening for the labors of Southwell. He was to quit the shade of academic bowers, and to bear the heat and burden of the day in a trying field of action. In 1586, Father Persons, a name familiar to every reader of English history, wrote to Aquaviva, the general of the order, that laborers were needed for the English mission, the ranks of those zealous soldiers of the faith, who perilled life and limb to carry the succors of religion to their needy brethren, being daily thinned by the sword of persecution. The lot fell upon Henry Garnet and Robert Southwell. But in the order of God's providence, the work never waits for the workmen. No sooner was the call made than "it was promptly and cheerfully responded to. The lot fell upon Henry Garnet and Robert Southwell; but it did not take them by surprise. These soldiers of Christ had been trained and disciplined for the field, and according to the testimony of the historian of the order, had long yearned for this day of trial, and avowed their willingness to shed their blood in the cause of the truth, and in the generous purpose of carrying spiritual succor to their persecuted countrymen.

It may be well to pause for a moment, and take a view of the state of the English Catholics at this period. We shall thus be able to form some idea of the position of things when Southwell entered upon his mission. Upon the promulgation of the penal statutes, many of the Catholics sought, with their families, an asylum beyond the sea. Their lands and property were immediately seized by the crown, and given or sold at low prices to the followers of the court. The Catholics who remained, may be divided into two classes:—first, those who, to escape the penalties, attended occasionally at the established service, and endeavored to elude the charge of hypocrisy, by maintaining, from the words of the queen's proclamation, that such attendance was with them nothing more than the discharge of a civil duty, an expression of their obedience to the letter of the law,

and secondly, those, and happily the far greater number, whose conscientious scruples were not content with such an evasion. They kept aloof from a worship which they disapproved, and were in consequence compelled to pass their lives in solicitude and alarm. They lay at the mercy of enemies, or ill-disposed neighbors; they were daily watched by the *pursuivants*, a name invented for a mongrel breed, a something betwixt the spy and the blood-hound; they were liable at any hour to be hurried before the courts of high commission, to be interrogated upon oath how often they had been at church, and when or where they had received the sacrament; to be condemned as *recusants* (refusers to attend at church), to be fined and imprisoned, or as persons reconciled to the church to forfeiture and imprisonment for life. The terror of these laws were renewed every year by proclamation, calling upon the magistrates, the bishops, and the ecclesiastical commissioners, to redouble their vigilance, and enforce the laws respecting religion. Private houses were searched to discover priests, or persons assisting at mass. The foreign ambassadors were compelled to make complaint of the violation of their privileges, by the intrusion of pursuivants into their private chapels; and even the female head of the church herself, in order to set a good example, occasionally condescended to examine recusants, and to commit them to prison, when denounced to her in the course of her progresses; nay more, we shall find her stooping so far as to correspond with the scamps and ruffians, who, under the name of pursuivants, were paid for doing the foul work of the law.

The opening of the year 1581 was marked by new penal enactments. When the parliament assembled, the ministers called on the two houses for laws of greater severity, "to defeat the devices of the Pope, who had sent Jesuits into the realm, to preach a corrupt doctrine, and to sow the seeds of sedition." Every measure which they proposed was readily adopted. It was enacted, first, that all persons possessing, or pretending to possess, or to exercise the power of *absolving* (undue advantage was taken of the ambiguity of this term), or of withdrawing others from the established religion, or suffering themselves to be so withdrawn, should, together with their procurers and councillors, suffer the penalties of high treason: secondly, that the punishment for saying mass should be increased to the payment of two hundred marks, and one year's imprisonment; for hearing mass, to one hundred marks, and imprisonment for the same period: thirdly, that the fine for absence from church should be fixed at twenty pounds per month (the calendar month); and that, if the absence were prolonged to an entire year, the recusant should be obliged to find two securities for his good behavior in two hundred pounds each: and fourthly, that to prevent the concealment of priests as tutors or schoolmasters in private families, every person acting in such capacity, without the approbation of the ordinary, should be liable to a year's imprisonment, and the person who employed him, to a fine of ten pounds per month.

During the course of this (1581) and the following year, the names of all the recusants in each parish, amounting to above fifty thousand, had been returned to the council; the magistrates were repeatedly blamed for their want of activity and success, and the prisons in every county were filled with persons suspected as priests, or delinquents against one or other of the penal laws. No man could enjoy security, even in the privacy of his own house, where he was liable at all hours, but generally in the night, to be visited by a magistrate at the head of an armed mob. At a signal given, the doors were burst open, and the pursuivants, in separate divisions, hastened to the different apartments, examined the beds, tore the tapestry and wainscoting from the walls, forced open the closets, and made every search which their ingenuity could suggest, to discover either a priest, or books, chalices, or vestments, appropriated to the Catholic worship. To resist or to remonstrate, was only to provoke additional aggression. All the inmates were interrogated; their persons were searched, under the pretext that *superstitious* articles might be concealed among their clothes; and there are instances

on record of females of rank whose reason and lives were endangered from the brutality of the officers.

The new and valuable additions to Dodd's Church history, for which we are indebted to the industry and research of Rev. Mr. Tierney, enables us to particularize some of the "searches," and other outrages against the Catholics here spoken of. The reader will be pleased to see an instance or two. The first is from Father Garnet's "Report" to the general of the order. "On one occasion, the sheriff of Northumberland having fired one of the beacons of the country, and raised a body of one hundred and forty men, proceeded, in the dead of night, to invest the three Catholic houses of Dissington, Rowchester, and the Grange. At daylight the search began. Dissington, the property of the Ogles, was first assailed; Rowchester, the residence of the Rutherfords, and the Grange, that of the widow Lawson, followed; and before the close of the day, each of the three residences had been subjected to the violence of these legalized ruffians. In the two last, however, the heads of the family had eluded the vigilance of the searchers. To complete their work, the party returned early the following morning to Rowchester, and having taken up free quarters in the house, announced their determination to remain, till Rutherford and his wife should appear. They had, however, concealed themselves in one of the hiding places of the mansion.* But hunger and confinement at length subdued their resolution. The voice of Mrs. Rutherford, begging to be released, betrayed the place of their concealment; the door which was unfastened from within, was flung open, and the captives, half dead from exhaustion, were brought forth, and immediately hurried off to prison. A similar attempt to secure Mrs. Lawson, at the Grange, was less successful, but other captives speedily made amends for the disappointment; and a general search through the three counties of Northumberland, Durham and York, at once terrified the Catholics, and gratified the avarice and malignity of the pursuivants. As the latter approached, the former fled from their dwellings, to seek a refuge wherever it might offer. Many were taken; others scarcely more fortunate, only escaped from the hands of their persecutors, to obtain a doubtful asylum in the woods, or in caves and amidst the fastnesses of the hills. Youth and manhood, infancy and age, the pregnant mother and the timid daughter, alike, were driven forth to the inclemency of the heavens, and for a period of nearly six weeks, numbers were glad to find a shelter in tents constructed for the occasion in some sequestered spot, or to hide themselves with the toad and the lizard among such ruins as their neighborhood afforded." The above is abridged from the Latin original, preserved among the valuable MSS. at Stoneyhurst.

Our next extract is from another "Report" of Father Garnet to his superior, descriptive of a search made in the house of a respectable family of the name of Trollope. "On the appearance of the pursuivants, the head of the family, his wife, son, grand-daughter, and two maid servants hastily concealed themselves, leaving every thing in the care of a trusty female domestic. Disappointed in their immediate object of seizing the family, the first care of the officers was to plunder the house; the next to discover the hiding place of the individuals whose good fortune had enabled them to elude their pursuit. For two whole days together, during which the party in concealment remained without food, the pursuivants continued the search. They compared the exterior dimensions of the building with the interior; they sounded the walls and the floors; they listened to every noise; they endeavored by every artifice to surprise the fugitives into a betrayal of their hiding place; nor was it until baffled at every point, and already in possession of plate, linen, clothes, and almost every valuable and portable article on the premises, that, at the close of the second day, they reluctantly abandoned their enterprise."

How exactly does Father Gerard's ac-

* At the trial of Father Garnet, the earl of Northampton declared, that the places of rendezvous of the Catholics, were "like the lapwing's nest, to which there is no tracing the bird." We find the same image in old Middleton.

"I am afraid he has the lapwing's cunning,
That cries the most when farthest from her nest."

count of another of these searches correspond with the above. "What a thing it is," says he, "for a Catholic gentleman to have his house suddenly beset on all sides with a number of armed men, both horse and foot; and not only his house and gardens, and such enclosed places all beset, but all the highways belayed for some miles near him, so that none shall pass without being examined! Then too, these searchers are oftimes so rude and barbarous, that if the doors be not opened the instant they wish to enter, they break them open with violence, as if they were sacking some enemy's town, which they had won with the sword. When the searchers enter, it is usual for them to run up stairs into every chamber, with their drawn swords; enough to drive the weaker sex and children out of their senses. They then begin to break open locks, and force all the doors, that they may at once search in many places. If they find no priests, or persons suspected as such, in any of the chambers or closets, they begin to search for secret places. They go round the house, inside and out, to see if one part corresponds with another, in hope to find some empty space, where a man may be hid. Sometimes, if the walls be not made of stone, but of wainscot or other weak materials, they will thrust through it with their swords in several places, hoping that in some place or other they may light upon a priest. This they also do in the roofs of the houses, supposing that there may be some passage, though they are unable to find it, for, indeed, the doors of the secret places are commonly made with such art, that it is very hard to find them, or spy them out; otherwise it would not be possible to keep priests so long, as some Catholics do, and have done. But if the searchers find any likely cause for suspicion, not content with that dangerous way of trying with their swords (in which case some priests have narrowly escaped being wounded or slain), they then pull down the very walls, and enter to search with candles and torches; nay, they examine the very roofs and housetops, where for years nothing but rats and mice have harbored. When, with all their diligence, they find no priest, still they do not give over; but supposing there may be some secretly hidden, they place a watch about the house of a number of men with guns, bills, &c., for many days together, sometimes for a week or more, for the purpose of starving them out. Sometimes they place watchmen in the chambers to see that no Catholic stirs to relieve the priests, though commonly they make sure of that, by locking them up in one part of the house all together. They will listen at every hole in the wall and chink in the floor, that the breathing or coughing of a priest may be perceived; and will sometimes cunningly talk aloud to each other, pretending to go away, as nothing is to be found there. They will make a noise as though they quitted the apartment; they will then creep stealthily into the room, and pretending to be some one of the household, will whisper to 'the good man' to come forth, for that the searchers are gone, thanks be to God. By this artifice was Father Cornelius taken. The priest is the principal thing which they hunt for in a man's house, for if such a person be found, the lands, goods, and even life of the persons who harbor him are forfeited; but if they do not find him, they will rifle the whole house, under pretence of finding chalices, pixes, vestments, and such like. They break open not only chests and trunks, but coffers and cabinets also, hoping to find letters, or spiritual advice, whereby to infer that the writers are priests; if they find these, or Agnus Dei, &c., then the lands and goods of the parties are seized, and the parties condemned to perpetual imprisonment, as was the case with Mr. Tregian."

The following description of a search in York castle, is from a "Report" of Father Holtby. "On the 18th December (1593) our keepers called us all down in great haste into the castle yard, where Mr. Rokeby was waiting for us. He said that the lord president and his council were informed that a seminary priest was among us, who had said mass the same morning in our house; that his name was John Fisher, and that some of our company had betrayed him; and that except he were found, they would not depart, but would pull down the

house upon our heads. Whereupon the searchers being appointed, fell to work rifling our chambers and poor lodgings, till seven at night. But they found not much that day. They then set their watch all night to see that no one conveyed the priest away; and returning in the morning, brought with them workmen with their tools and implements, to sound every hollow place, and break it up. 'The seminary traitor you have among you,' said they, 'and we will have him, or pull down the house over your heads.' With such like doings and speeches, they threatened us for three days, and during the search, they shut us all up, men, women, and children, in a close place, where we could scarce stand beside each other. No remedy could we have; though the young children cried, and the mothers lamented their babes, small pity was shown. In the meantime the searchers wrought diligently, knocking and sounding every wall, and every floor under their feet. They broke through walls, ceiling, floors, chimney-hearths, and at last untiled the house, and breaking down all within the chambers, they tossed and trod under their feet our beds and bedding, making their way over all without sparing. They found great store of books and church stuffs, chalices and cruets of silver, crosses of silver and gilt, with relics, pictures, antependiums, and other furniture for the altar, which had been bestowed upon us by former prisoners and good benefactors. And now, alas! they have harried us of all; many of us have not so much as a prayer book; nay, not a piece or part of one: all was fish that came to their net. These gentlemen searchers were followed up by hungry rascals, who licked up their leavings, sparing neither silver spoons, jewels, linen, clothes, kerchiefs, &c., that could be carried away. And the worst of all is, that we have a Judas among us, and cannot find means to exclude him from our company.

"The next day, being St. Thomas' eve, they came again in the same manner, to pull more down. 'It is confessed,' said they, 'by some of your fellows that he said mass among you; we shall find him yet; we have watched so that he could not steal away.' So they kept knocking down and rifling till dinner time, nor left off till eight at night. The rooms being small, they divided themselves into many companies, so that when one company had searched, another came, and another, till at last the gleaners raked up, as sweepstakes, without scruple, all that the others had made some conscience of. A mighty spite they had about chimneys, keeping much ado about them. Climbing up to the house tops, they cast stones down to see whether there were any false tones. They termed one chamber 'the priest's room,' and at that they battered away most foully. They used the most threatening and barbarous speeches that could be uttered against priests and Catholics.

"Being disappointed in his purpose at the castle, the president caused another search for a priest to be made at a gentlewoman's house in Nidderdale, of the name of Ardington. He had been assured by his spies that Sir David Inglely, the lady's brother, and the lady Ann Neville were there, both of whom were accused as harborers of priests. The searchers, on their way, forced a poor man from his house, to be their guide. When they came near the lady's residence, they drew their swords, cocked their pistols, and buckled themselves for battle, as though they had to take some castle by assault, in lieu of a gentlewoman's house. The only resistance, however, consisting of a company of women, they put up their weapons, entered the door which stood open, searched, rifled, and turned all things upside down, but found nothing greatly for their purpose. Yet, fearing to be disappointed in their journey, they determined not to depart so speedily, but seated themselves in the house, and as though all had been their own, helped themselves at the gentlewoman's cost till Thursday or Friday following. All they could find in the house was certain apparel of some gentleman, such as doublets, hose, and Guernsey stockings. Upon them they seized by the president's warrant, whose beggarly disposition is such, that his only way of rewarding his trusty servants is with the spoils of those he persecutes. This

time, the chief pursuivant returned home all in a chafe, that he sped no better; nor was his wife better pleased that his budget came so light home; for she was always accustomed to give the first welcome to his knapsack, on his return, which seldom or ever came home empty."

Another "Report," also preserved among the Stoneyhurst MSS., affords us the following particulars of the stratagems practised by the pursuivants. "Their searches are many and severe, and their principal times for them are when Catholics are most busy to serve God, as on Sundays, holidays, Easter, Christmas, Whitsuntide, and such great feasts. They come either in the night, or at early morning. They lock up the inmates of the house all in a room together, and like young princes go rifling all at their pleasure. The livings of Catholics are begged, first by one and then by another, and the poor Catholic is obliged to compound with all, and to buy in his own three or four times over. The law prescribes two parts of the recusant's land and goods to the queen, and the other to the pursuivant. They buy and sell Catholics like calves in the market; and if they be in prison, their best course to get out, is to seek to be the pennyworth of some catchpole who, as a reward for his service, is often permitted to make a sale of some prisoner's liberty. The said pursuivants are, for the most part, bankrupts, and needy fellows, fled from their trade for debt, and furnished up with the queen's badge as a protection from jail, and the means of getting a living. What can be more intolerable to flesh and blood, than to see such base and infamous castaways come and crow over the best gentlemen, yea noblemen too, in their own houses, and use such imperious and princely behavior as would move to indignation the most potent and forbearing. What wonder that such beings should, under pretext of law, carry on the trade of thieves, stealing all they can find that is valuable. Their manner is to come with a troop of men, as though they came to fight a field. They beset the house on every side; then rush in and ransack every corner, even women's beds and bosoms, with such insolent behavior, that their villainies in this kind are half a martyrdom. The men they command to stand and keep their places, while they pack up whatever of value comes in their way, and pocket jewels, plate and money, under pretence of papistry. And what remedy for these evils? Catholics' suits, be they never so just, very seldom take effect, unless it be by bribery of the council or judges. The latter have been heard openly to say, that as papists will not obey *the* laws, they shall have no law at their hands. What sophistry! since who more obedient to the law than Catholics, except such only as are against their religion and their conscience? . . . The following instances will show the impossibility of Catholics obtaining justice. A worshipful Catholic esquire had his house searched by one Cobham, and two other catchpoles, accompanied by certain of the president's men who spoiled his house, and took away his plate and other things of value. The under sheriff of the shire being sent in the bishop's behalf to see that no outrage was committed contrary to equity, seeing Cobham and his fellows take away the gentleman's goods, and being asked why he suffered it, answered that he durst not oppose them, though he knew it was an injustice. On another occasion, the pursuivants in searching a gentleman's house, took a bag of money amounting to more than threescore pounds. The gentleman went to secretary Walsingham to complain of the wrong and the theft; but was answered, that 'the queen's must be considered, and that, if he put the matter in suit, it would be only throwing good money after bad.' But still more insidious and desperate means were resorted to for entrapping the Catholic. One Tyrrel, a notorious spy and renegade, confessed under his hand and oath, that justice Young and other magistrates bade him say mass, hear confessions, and administer the form of sacraments, for the purpose of entrapping Catholics, and drawing them into the penalties. Many other spies and renegades have done the same, and afterwards openly avowed to whom, and for what reward they had done so. They caused another ruffian purposely

to seek to be reconciled to Father J———, now in Wisbeach, and to come to confession to him; this he accordingly did, and the good unsuspecting father found himself entrapped at the very moment he thought he was administering the comforts of religion. Sometimes the pursuivant is forced to have regard to men of great calling, but from the priest they take all, purse, horse, apparel, books, in a word, whatever they find upon him or about him; there are none to claim justice for such outrage."

Of the barbarities practised on the clergy, during their imprisonment, the same writer has left us an appalling account. "The manner of imprisoning priests," says he, "is, that first they are kept in Topcliffe's house, or in that of some other catchpole. Topcliffe tortures them by his private authority, before they pass out of his doors; and he keeps their taking so secret, that sometimes it is long ere it be known where the party apprehended is, lest the rumor of his torturing should be spread abroad. From Topcliffe's house the victim is carried to Bridewell. There he is hanged up by the hands in manacles, and examined upon all hateful and odious points, and treated with such extremity of torture, that death would be far less misery than the bloody usage of this place. If they find him constant, he is carried to some other prison, and there kept close, with as hard usage as may be. . . . One of the principal methods of torturing is with manacles, in which some are made to hang nine hours together, the weight of the whole body being borne upon the hands, so that oftentimes the victim swoons under the torture, and when hardly recovered is oftentimes hanged up again.* Thus it was with Mr. Bales, Mr. Jones, Mr. Norton, Mr. Randal, and most of the priests that have been taken during these five years past [as we shall shortly have occasion to see, he might have added Southwell's name to the list]. They whip priests naked, as was the case with Mr. Beseley and Mr. Jones, and in so cruel a manner, that the persecutors themselves have been obliged to confess that they endured their torments with a constancy more than human; nay, they declared that they must have employed charm and witchcraft to produce such effects.

"One of Topcliffe's methods was to keep his victims from sleeping, till by continual watching they became half beside themselves. Others, as was the case with Mr. Jones, were tormented in Topcliffe's house (decency compels me, says Mr. Tierney, to omit this passage;) so filthy and shameful is their cruelty. As to their threats and terrors, it is needless to report them, as well as the barbarous lies and slanders which they utter against priests, seeking to make them all infamous with Catholics themselves, till the edifying deaths of the slandered martyrs have proved the reporters to be liars.

"If they confess not enough in their tortures, in order to make their arraignment the more odious, they work upon them while in prison by their spies and suborned persons, who pretend friendship, and appear to pity their situation, offering their help to carry letters or messages, or to fetch money if they have it in the keeping of any Catholic. By such devices, they seek to discover the persons to whom they have resorted, that they may be troubled and made a booty of by these ravening fellows.

"But of all the methods of torture employed on the unfortunate victims, that of the rack was the most terrible. The description of the fearful machine is familiar to all the readers of Lingard. One who had been put to 'the question,' says very feelingly: 'it is not, I assure you, a pleasant thing to be stretched and stretched till

* The manacles spoken of above, are described as iron gauntlets, that could be contracted by the aid of a screw. They served to compress the wrists, and to suspend the prisoner in the air, from two distant points of a beam. He was placed on three pieces of wood, one piled above the other, which, when his hands had been made fast, were successively withdrawn from under his feet. "I felt," says Father Gerard, one of the sufferers, "the chief pain in my breast, belly, arms and hands. It seemed to me that all the blood in my body had run into my arms, and was bursting out at my finger ends. Not that it was so; but the arms swelled, till the gauntlets were buried within the flesh. After being thus suspended for an hour, I fainted. When I came to myself, I found the executioners supporting me in their arms They replaced the pieces of wood under my feet, but as soon as I was recovered, removed them again. Thus I continued hanging for the space of five hours, during which I fainted eight or nine times." (See Bartoli, 418.)

one's body becomes almost two feet longer than nature made it.'"*

But it is time to return to Southwell. We stated that in 1586, a request came from Cardinal Allen to Acquaviva, general of the Order in Rome, for a fresh supply of laborers for the English mission, to supply the places of such of their brethren as were suffering in prison, or had fallen in the good fight, and that the lot fell upon Fathers Garnet and Southwell. They lost no time in preparing for their departure. Father Persons accompanied them as far as the Ponte Milvio, and on giving them his parting blessing, and bidding them God speed, Southwell exclaimed with much emotion; "Father, forget us not in your prayers. We are two arrows sped to the same mark, and by God's blessing we shall reach our aim."

On reaching the French coast, and when on the point of embarking for England, he addressed a letter to his superior in Rome, which breathes all the spirit of a champion descending into the arena. Of the situation of the Catholics in England at this moment, a lively picture has just been presented to us: to which it may be added, that in consequence of the expedition fitting out in Spain, the coast was guarded with redoubled vigilance, emissaries were in every port, and spies scattered in every direction. But our two youthful missionaries succeeded in making their way through all the dangers that beset their way, and reached London in safety. Their escape was the more remarkable, as the spies of the government had scent of their coming. This we learn from the following notes among the Burleigh papers—

"*January 10th*, 1586. There is a famous Jesuit on his way to England, of the name of Southwell."

And in a paper headed, "From Ed. Boord, a Spy on the Seminaries," and whose words are; "I have directions to find out a priest, whose name is Southwell, the chief dealer in the affairs of our state of England for the Catholics."

On reaching the capital, he found an asylum in the house of the Lord Vaux, who a few years before, had been reconciled to the Church by Father Persons. Here he found means to exercise his priestly functions, to the comfort of many pious Catholics who had for some time been deprived of the consolations of their religion. Some six months after his arrival, the private chaplain of the Countess of Arundel, a name familiar in the history of this period, dying, Father Southwell was chosen to fill his place. In the house of this noble and excellent lady, his cautious but untiring zeal in the duties of his dangerous ministry, were attended with abundant fruits, and by the most cheering success in bringing back many stray sheep to the fold. It was also under the roof of his worthy patroness that he composed the greater part of those works, both in prose and verse, which were the pride and admiration of our forefathers, but were suffered to fall into unmerited neglect. In 1590, Southwell writes to his superior, in Rome:

"As yet we are alive and well, being, it seems, unworthy of a prison. We have oftener sent than received letters from your parts, though they are not sent without difficulty; while some, we know, have been lost.

"The condition of Catholic recusants here is the same as usual, deplorable, and full of fears and dangers; more especially since our adversaries have looked for wars. As many of ours as are in chains rejoice and are comforted in their prisons; and they that are at liberty, set not their hearts upon it, nor expect it to be of long continuance. All, by the great goodness and mercy of God, arm themselves to suffer any thing that can come, how hard soever it may be, as it shall please our Lord, for whose

*Those who are curious as to the use and abuse of this mode of punishment, will find the subject ably discussed in Mr. Jardine's recent work "On the employment of the torture in England." Mr. Francis Pulgrave remarks that "the subject is one among others which shows that the English law must forfeit many of the encomiums for humanity, which have so long been current amongst us." The observation of a heathen writer on this mode of punishment, might well put Christian magistrates to the blush. "It is a perilous expedient, calculated to baffle, rather than promote the purposes of truth and justice. It is at once cruel and irrational; for what more senseless than to interrogate that portion of man, which responds not by the voice of the understanding, but by the force of pain."—*Quinctilian.*

greater glory, and the salvation of their souls, they are more concerned than for any temporal losses.

"A little while ago, they apprehended two priests, who have suffered such cruel usages in the prison of Bridewell, as can scarce be believed. What was given them to eat, was so little in quantity, and withal so filthy and nauseous, that the very sight of it was enough to turn their stomachs. The labors to which they obliged them, were continual and immoderate, and no less in sickness than in health; for, with hard blows and stripes, they forced them to accomplish their task, how weak soever they were. Their beds were dirty straw, and their prison most filthy.

"Some are there hung up, for whole days, by the hands, in such a manner that they can but just touch the ground with the tips of their toes. In fine, they that are kept in that prison, truly live in *lacu miseriæ et in luto fœcis*, Psalm 39. This purgatory we are looking for every hour, in which Topcliffe and Young, the two executioners of the Catholics, exercise all kinds of torments. But come what pleaseth God, we hope we shall be able to bear all *in Him that strengthens us*. In the meantime, we pray that *they may be put to confusion who work iniquity: and that the Lord may speak peace to his people*, Psalms 24 and 74: that, as the royal prophet says, *his glory may dwell in our land*. I most humbly recommend myself to the holy sacrifices of your Reverence, and of all our friends.

And again, March 8th, 1590:

"We have written many letters, but, it seems, few have come to your hands. We sail in the midst of these stormy waves, with no small danger; from which, nevertheless, it has pleased our Lord hitherto to deliver us.

"We have altogether, with much comfort, renewed the vows of the Society, according to our custom, spending some days in exhortations and spiritual conferences. *Aperuimus ora et attraximus spiritum*. It seems to me that I see the beginnings of a religious life set on foot in England, of which we now sow the seeds with tears, that others hereafter may, with joy, carry in the sheaves to the heavenly granaries.

"We have sung the canticle of the Lord in a strange land, and, in this desert, we have sucked honey from the rock, and oil from the hard stone. But these our joys ended in sorrow, and sudden fears dispersed us into different places: but, in fine, we were more afraid than hurt, for we all escaped. I, with another of ours, seeking to avoid Scylla, had like to have fallen into Charybdis; but, by the mercy of God, we passed betwixt them both, without being shipwrecked, and are now sailing in a safe harbor.

"In another of mine, I gave an account of the late martyrdoms of Mr. Bayles and Mr. Horner, and of the edification which the people received from their holy ends. With such dews as these the church is watered, *ut in stillicidiis hujusmodi lætetur germinans*. Psalm 54. We also look for the time—if we are not unworthy of so great a glory—when our day, like that of the hired servant, shall come. In the meanwhile, I recommend myself very earnestly to your Reverence's prayers, that the Father of lights may enlighten us, and confirm us with his principal spirit."

The troubles in which the noble family of Arundel was involved—of whose sufferings in the cause of the faith, we shall have occasion to speak in a future article—rendered the removal of Southwell necessary, and about the year 1591, he entered the family of a pious Catholic gentleman, of the name of Bellamy, who resided about seven miles from London, in the village of Uxenden, at the foot of Harrow-on-the-Hill.* "Here," to use the language of Father More, one of the elegant historians of the Order, "he was enabled to recreate the burden of his solitary confinement in the city, by breathing the freer air of the country." But this freedom he was not long permitted to enjoy. The following was the cause that led to his apprehension. Anne, the elder daughter of Mr. Bellamy,

* This place is known for its school, which serves as one of the nurseries to the English Universities. It has obtained additional celebrity, of late years, as the place where Lord Byron was educated, and which he has immortalized in his poetry.

was more remarkable for her zeal than her discretion. Being, against her parents' wish, on a visit to a family that had deserted the faith, she grew too communicative, and fell into the hands of a pursuivant, employed by the notorious Topcliffe, a man, of whom it will be necessary to say a word in passing. So notorious was this tool of power, for the ferocity shown by him in the discharge of his odious office, that the term *Toplifficare*—to play the Topcliffe, was a familiar word, indicative of every species of barbarity. And yet this ruffian was warmly recommended by the mitred heads of the establishment, was confidentially employed by Elizabeth's ministers, nay, what is more extraordinary than all, was, as we shall presently see, in familiar correspondence with Elizabeth herself. Bishop Whitgift, one of the privy council, says, in an official paper; "Care should be taken that Recusants come not into her Majesty's court; for which purpose, such *ferreters-out*, by secret inquisition, as Mr. Topcliffe, should be *comforted* [liberally rewarded]." One honest pen was, however, found, to portray the miscreant. "He is," says Sir Thomas Overbury, a pettifogger, who loves to be fishing in troubled waters, and baits his hook with the penal statutes. He is the blood-hound of the law; he hath a quick scent to track his game, and a deep mouth in the pursuit; nor does he quit till he has drawn blood."

This is in perfect keeping with an anecdote in Father Bartole's history. We cite his words: "Topcliffe, when a youth, had been passionately addicted to field-sports, and found no enjoyment comparable to that of the chase. In after life he was, however, heard to declare, that, to his taste, a single day spent in hunting down those vile traitors, the priests, was equal to all the years of his former amusement."

Into the hands of this ruffian did Anne Bellamy fall. Shut up in the gate-house, the common prison in Westminster, her courage failed her, nor was her virtue proof against the bad example and worse counsels of the inmates of the prison. They observed that her beauty had won upon the infamous Topcliffe, and they persuaded her to purchase her liberty at the price of her virtue. The abandonment of her religion was a natural consequence. Not long after, her charms having lost their attraction, her seducer married her to one Nicholas Jones, a creature of his own, and turnkey of the prison. This menial, learning from his wife the fact that a priest was concealed in the house of her father, was resolved to turn his knowledge to account by claiming the reward granted by the laws for the discovery and apprehension of a Jesuit. The now reckless daughter of the good Bellamy was induced to further the project; stimulated also by a revengeful feeling against her father, who, shocked at the disgraceful connection she had formed, had refused her a marriage portion. She was induced to write a letter to Father Southwell, pretending that she had become penitent for her past errors, and wished to make her confession; and that, if he would appoint an hour, she would come privately to him at her father's house. Unsuspecting of treachery, and rejoicing in an opportunity of reconciling a soul to God, Southwell was ready to meet her at the time and place appointed. Topcliffe, the chief promoter of the scheme, took with him a party of armed pursuivants, and set out with the young woman as his guide. It was evening when they reached Uxenden hall; the house was surrounded to prevent any one's escape, and admission was demanded. The fears and suspicions of the inmates had, however, been awakened, and Father Southwell had barely time to secrete himself in one of those hiding places, which are still preserved in several old Catholic mansions, as memorials of a period when Protestantism and toleration did not go hand in hand. The usual contrivance was a concealed trap-door to a lower apartment, or a closet, the entrance to which was masked in the junctures of the wainscoting. In a recess of the latter description was Father Southwell concealed. Topcliffe sternly demanded of Mrs. Bellamy the surrender of the priest secreted in her house. The good woman was summing up her presence of mind, and attempting to frame some subterfuge, when judge of her horror at the sight of her faithless daughter, who

unblushingly stood forward, prepared to betray the dearest secret that her family could cherish.* She pointed to the spot; the pannel was burst open, and there stood the meek but undaunted servant of the Lord. The eager assailants had found the long-wished object of their search; they uttered a cry of joy, and pounced like birds of prey upon their quarry. Southwell was placed upon a horse, with his hands pinioned behind him, and amidst the insulting jeers and execrations of the rabble that gathered by the way, he was hurried to London.

The first place in which the good father was confined was Topcliffe's own house, where he lay for some weeks. The reason of this arbitrary proceeding, is stated to have been a desire to screen from the public eye the inhuman barbarities practised upon the priests. Murmurs had arisen at the undisguised use of the torture, and it was judged prudent not to irritate the public mind by inflictions of this kind within the walls of the prisons of the capitol. But, as the tiger cannot readily forego its prey, permission was secretly given to Topcliffe, to continue the work of torture under his own roof. This will appear from the following extraordinary letter from this cool-blooded ruffian to the virgin queen.

"May it please your majesty—Friar Robert Southwell, a dangerous conspirator, is taken. I have him here within my strong chamber, in Westminster church-yard. I have made him assured for starting or hurting of himself, by putting upon his arms a pair of ———, and there and so, to keep him from view or conference with any, but Nicholas (Jones), the under-keeper of the Gate-house, and my boy: Nicholas being the man that caused me to take him.

"I have sent your majesty an examination, faithfully taken, and by him foully and suspiciously answered: and for what? Knowing the nature and doings of the man, may it please your majesty to see my simple opinions, constrained on duty to utter it.

"Upon this present taking of him, it is good forthwith to inform him to answer truly and directly; and so, to prove his answers true in haste, to the end that such as be deeply concerned in his treachery, may not have time to start, or make shift to use any means in common prisons: either to stand upon (?), or against the wall (which above all things succeedeth *and hurteth not*), will give warning. But if your highness' pleasure be to know any thing in his heart, to stand against the wall, his feet standing upon the ground, and his hands but as high as he can reach against the wall like a trick at *Trenshemarm* (?) will enforce him to tell all, and the truth be proved by the sequel: first, the answer of him to the question of the countess of Arundel; and secondly, that of Father Persons decypher-eth him.

"May it please your majesty to consider, that I never did take so weighty a man, if he be rightly considered.

"Young Anthony Copley, the most desperate youth that liveth, and some others be most familiar with Southwell. Copley did shoot at a gentleman the last summer, and killed an ox with a musquet; and in Horsham church threw his dagger at the parish clerk, and struck it in a seat in the church. There liveth not the like, I think, in England for sudden attempts, nor one upon whom I have good grounds to have such watchful eyes, for his sister Gage's, and his brother-in-law Gage's sakes; of whose pardon he boasteth he is well assured.

"And so, humbly submitting myself to your majesty's directions in this, or in any service with any hazard, I close until I hear your pleasure. Here at Westminster, with my charge, and the ghostly father, this Monday the 22d of June, 1592.

Your Majesty's faithful servant.*

RICH. TOPCLIFFE."

* In "St. Peter's Plaint," is the following stanza:

O women, *wo to men*, traps for their falls,
Still actors in all tragical mischances;
Earth's necessary ills, enchanting thralls,
Now murdering with your tongues, now with your glances.

* Strype's Annals, vol. iv. The above curious production is highly characteristic of the coarse and brutal character of the writer. Whether the omission of the term "gauntlets," or manacles, within the bracket, was intentional, or owing to the delicacy of the copyist, could be asertained only by a reference to the original MS. which is among Strype's papers preserved in the library at Lambeth. The following extract from a letter of Anth. Copley, spoken of in the above, may not be mis-

Under the roof of this inhuman tormenter, Southwell was exposed, for several months together, to every indignity and variety of suffering that malicious ingenuity could devise. From his family connections, and from the high esteem in which he was held by his brethren, he was supposed to be the great depository of their secrets. These were attempted to be wrung from him by the force of bodily suffering. In the hope to obtain from him revelations that would have entitled his tormenter to the blood-money accorded by the law, he was, day after day, suspended in the air, in the manner already described. On one occasion, while the poor sufferer was undergoing this cruel infliction, Topcliffe was called out upon some urgent business. Southwell was forgotten; in a secluded part of the house, his cries could reach no human ear, and the intensity of suffering was greater than humanity could support. On the return of his keeper, he was found in a fainting fit, vomiting blood copiously, and it was not without difficulty he was restored to his senses. On hearing of the heroic fortitude with which he had borne his torments, the Lord Treasurer, Burghley, is said to have exclaimed: "Greece and Rome need boast no longer of their heroes; we can match them here at home. Talk of extorting any thing from this man in regard to his accomplices; why, you cannot draw from him what was the color of a certain horse ridden by him on a certain day."

Ten different times was the good father tormented in this manner, Topcliffe looking coolly on, and urging him to confess the names of his accomplices, as he termed them, and the places of their retreat. On one of these occasions, having exhausted his efforts in the fruitless attempt to draw a single word from this champion of the faith, he gnashed with his teeth, exclaiming: "O that I had the whole gang of these Jesuit traitors under my roof; I would grind the catiffs into powder, and scatter it to the four winds of heaven!"

After staying nearly two months in this "kind of domestic prison," as Father Bartoli terms it, Southwell was removed to the Gate-house, a prison in Westminster. Here he was confined, for nearly a quarter of a year, in a damp and unwholesome apartment. At the expiration of this term, being brought out to undergo an examination before the judges, his appearance excited the compassion of all. His person, naturally pleasing and handsome, had wasted to a mere skeleton; his clothes were in tatters, and covered with filth and vermin. His father, who had conformed to the more fashionable religion of the court, and who, on account of the situation he filled then, had wished to lose sight of his son, could no longer stifle the feelings of nature at witnessing the state of utter destitution to which his son had been reduced. He threw himself at the feet of Elizabeth, and besought her to commiserate the situation of his child, and to order that, as he was sprung of gentle blood, he should, in some respects at least, be treated as a gentleman. This application was attended to, and he was removed to a better lodging in the Tower. Here he was supplied with proper necessaries, and some of his family were admitted to visit him, and among others, his sister Elizabeth. At his request, she procured him his breviary, and a copy of the Latin Vulgate, and of the works of St. Bernard. His choice of this author should not be passed over without a remark. St. Bernard may be characterized as the Fenelon of the Fathers; he is remarkable for the suavity of his style, the pathos of his exhortations, and the unction and fervent piety of all his writings: qualities so conspicuous in the compositions of Southwell himself, and which may thus be traced to their source.

While in the tower, he gained the heart of his keeper, by the gentleness of his manners, and the winning sweetness of his conversation and deportment. Every indul-

placed here. "When fifteen years of age, I was under the charge of a kinsman, Mr. Thomas Southwell now beyond the seas, I stole away, and got over to Rome to my father and mother, who had been residing there since 1582. My father consented to my coming to Rome, and the more willingly, as, at that very time, a kinsman of mine, Mr. Robert Southwell, a Jesuit, hearing of my being beyond the sea, had, of his own accord and love towards me, procured me a pension of ten crowns from Pope Gregory, for my better maintenance there."

gence was granted him, compatible with his situation. Some few obtained access to him, and enjoyed the comfort of his spiritual ministrations. Those who were deprived of this consolation, contrived to obtain his advice and the direction of their conscience by means of letters; and many there were, and among them were several Catholic ladies of good family, who, under pretence of visiting the garden of the Tower, came at appointed hours, and received his benediction from the window of the turret in which he was confined. How touching is a ministry thus exercised by stealth, and recalling the best and purest days of primitive Christianity!

What were Southwell's feelings in his dungeon, may be collected from that beautiful "Epistle of Comfort," which he had addressed to those who had preceded him in their sufferings for the faith. "The prison," he says, "is dishonorable; yet when the cause ennobleth the name of prisoner, the prisoner abolisheth the dishonor of the place. What thing, of old, more odious than the cross? What place more abhorred than the Mount of Calvary? What cells more reproachful than the grates and dungeons of the saints? Yet now—what thing more honorable than the Holy Cross?—What place more reverenced than the Blessed Mount? What sanctuaries more desired than the dungeons of the Saints? A reproachful thing it is to be chained in sin, to be enthralled in the vassalage of lawless appetites, and in the slavish bondage of worldly vanities. But, honorable it is in God's cause, to be abridged of bodily liberty, for maintaining the true independence and freedom of the spirit! And where can you so freely range among the choirs of angels, as when you are sequestered from the distractions of vain company?—When can you take a fuller repast of the sweet fruits of prayer and contemplation, than when the flesh-pots of Egypt are the farthest from sight? Your eyes are not too much troubled with impious and wicked sights; your ears are not annoyed with the heinous outcries of blasphemy; you are quiet from scandals, and severed from occasions of divers temptations. Let them complain of the difficulties of a prison, who have fastened their affections upon worldly vanities; but for a Christian Catholic, that hath Christ for his leader, the Apostles for his witnesses, and all former saints for testimonies, it is a shame not to think worthily, and correctly, and reverently thereof. So honorable are the chains of a captive in God's cause, that Solomon in his costliest habits, and Herod in his most gorgeous attire, were not so much honored as John the Baptist, when he had achieved that title, 'John in Chains.' It was a great prerogative to be an Apostle, a Doctor, an Evangelist; it was a singular favor to be wrapt into the third heaven, and to hear secrets that it is not lawful for man to speak; it was a rare privilege to heal diseases, not only with the touch of the hand, but with that of the very girdles and handkerchiefs: but St. Paul acknowledges a greater title to honor, when, in writing to Philemon, he omitteth his usual style of 'Paul an Apostle,' and beginneth his epistle with 'Paul a prisoner of Jesus Christ.' Herein he followeth the custom of great personages, who, when from inferior dignities they are raised to more honorable titles, always, in their letters, omit the secondary and set down the principal title, proper to their newly achieved preferment." These are the glowing effusions of a mind fully impressed with a conviction of the truth of the sentiments inculcated.

Southwell remained three whole years a prisoner in the Tower, during which time, he was cruelly racked ten several times, with a view to extort from him a disclosure of certain supposed conspiracies against the government. At the end of this period, he wrote an epistle to Cecil, the Lord Treasurer, humbly entreating his lordship, that he might either be brought upon his trial, to answer for himself, or, at least, that his friends might have leave to come and see him. The Treasurer answered, "That if he was in so much haste to be hanged, he should quickly have his desire." Shortly after this, orders were given, that he should be removed from the Tower to Newgate; where he was put

down into the dungeon called Limbo; and there kept for three days.

On the 22d of February, without any previous warning to prepare for his trial, he was taken out of his dark lodging in Newgate, and hurried to the Court of King's Bench, in Westminster, to hold up his hand there at the bar. The first news of this determination of the council, filled his heart with a joy which he was unable to conceal. The moment was approaching for which his heart had long yearned—which had mingled with his first aspirations—in search of which he had journeyed on foot to Rome, and braved the dangers which, during more than ten years, had surrounded the exercise of his ministry in his native land.

The judges before whom he was to appear, were Lord Chief Justice Popham, Justice Owen, Baron Evans, and Serjeant Daniel. When Father Southwell was placed at the bar, the Lord Chief Justice addressed the court. In a long and vehement speech, he attacked the Jesuits and Seminary priests, accusing them as "the authors and abettors of all the dark plots and secret treasons which had been hatched during the present reign." The bill of indictment, drawn up by Coke, the queen's solicitor, was then read. It ran to this effect: "Middlesex—The jury present on the part of our sovereign lady, the queen, That Robert Southwell, late of London, clerk, born within this kingdom of England, to wit, since the Feast of St. John the Baptist, in the first year of the reign of Her Majesty, and before the first day of May, in the 32d reign of our lady, the queen, aforesaid, made and ordained priest, by authority derived and pretended from the See of Rome; not having the fear of God before his eyes, and slighting the laws and statutes of this realm of England, without any regard to the penalty therein contained, on the 20th day of June, the thirty-fourth year of our lady, the queen, at Uxenden, in the county of Middlesex, traitorously, and as a false traitor to our lady, the queen, was and remained, contrary to the form of the statute in such case set forth and provided, and contrary to the peace of our said lady, the queen, her crown and dignities."

The grand jury having found a true bill, Father Southwell was ordered to come up to the bar. He readily obeyed, and advancing with a calm and meek air, made a low reverence to the judges. His arms being then unpinioned, he modestly held up his hand according to usage, and on being asked whether he was "guilty or not guilty?" he answered: "I confess that I was born in England, a subject of the queen's majesty; and that, by authority derived from God, I have been promoted to the sacred order of priesthood in the Catholic Church, for which I return most humble and hearty thanks to the Divine Majesty. I also confess that I was at Uxenden at the time stated, when by trick and stratagem I fell into your hands, as is well known; but that I never entertained any designs or plots against the queen or kingdom, I call God to witness, who is the avenger of perjury; neither had I any other design in returning home to my native country, than to administer the sacraments, according to the rites of the Catholic Church, to such as desired them." Here the judge interrupted him, telling him that he was to leave all that alone, and plead directly guilty or not guilty. Upon which he said, that he was not guilty of any treason whatever. Being then asked, "by whom he would be tried?" he said, "by God and by you." The judge told him he was to answer, "by God and his country." This he at first refused, alleging that the laws of his country were not agreeable to the laws of God; and that he was unwilling those poor harmless men of the jury, whom they obliged to represent their country, should have any share in their guilt, or any hand in his death. "But," he added, "if through your fault it must be so, I cannot help it. Be it as you will; I am ready to be judged by God, and my country." When the twelve jurors were sworn, he challenged none of them, observing, that as they were all equally strangers to him, charity did not allow him to except against any one of them more than another. Coke, the solicitor, then began to prove the heads of the indictments,—that Mr. Southwell was an

Englishman, and a priest, by his own confession; and that his being so young was a demonstration that he had been made a priest since the time mentioned in the statute." Here the judge interrupting the speaker, and demanding of Southwell somewhat abruptly, what was his age? "The same," replied the father, as abruptly, "as that of our Saviour when He was brought before Pilate." This expression, hastily thrown out, shocked the pious ears of Topcliffe, who was sitting among the lawyers, and he exclaimed with holy horror, that this impious priest was guilty of unpardonable presumption in comparing himself with our Saviour. Southwell meekly replied; "You misunderstand me, sir; so far from comparing myself to our blessed Lord and Master, I confess myself to be the creature of his infinite bounty, and the meanest worm of the earth in his sight."

When Ann Bellamy was brought forward to give her evidence, Southwell's firmness seemed for a moment to desert him. To behold the apostate daughter of his worthy friend and protector, leagued with the enemies as well of her spiritual father, as of him who was her parent in the flesh, was a sight too painful for the sensibilities of his nature. For a moment he covered his face with his hand, while tears were seen to steal down his cheek.

When the evidence had closed, Coke rose and addressed the prisoner in a long and rambling discourse, in which passion claimed a far greater share than either reason or charity. When he had declaimed as long as he thought fit against the servant of Christ, and the other lawyers with the lord chief justice at their head, had loaded him with reproaches, jeering him upon his sacred profession, to which he offered no other answer than meekness and that silence which is sometimes more eloquent than speech, the jury retired to consult about their verdict. They were not long in deliberating, and their verdict was "guilty." He was asked if he had aught to say why sentence should not be pronounced against him. His answer was—"nothing—but from my heart I beg of Almighty God to forgive all who have been any ways accessory to my death." The lord chief justice exhorted him to prepare for the welfare of his soul, during the short time that was left him. He thanked him for his friendly counsel, saying, "that by the grace of God, he had long since provided for that, and was conscious to himself of his innocence. The judge then rose, and pronounced sentence in the usual form. At the conclusion, Southwell made him a lowly reverence, returning him thanks, as for the most acceptable favor he could have done him. The judge offered him the aid of a minister to prepare him for death. Father Southwell begged him not to trouble himself on that head, as the grace of God would be more than sufficient for him. He was then remanded to Newgate; his arms were again pinioned, and he was led out of the court. A multitude of people thronged the streets of Westminster, curious to behold a man known as well for his distinguished talents, of which he had given proof in several publications, as from the circumstance of his being a member of an ancient and distinguished family, his father and sister* being known to fill situations in the queen's household; and doubtless it was matter of surprise to many, that, considering the relations in which Father Southwell stood to these influential personages, efforts had not been made to prevent the scene which had just been witnessed. Aware of the interest thus excited among the populace, and fearful of the sympathy always felt for virtue and talent in distress, it was determined to convey the prisoner by water to Blackfriars. To use the words of Father Bartoli, "scarcely was Southwell well lodged a second time in Limbo, when some half-dozen preachers came to prove to him that hell would be his next remove, if he did not quit the damnable errors of his Romish superstition." But they went away with less humor than they came, for the

* The Lady Mary Southwell was one of the maids of honor to Queen Elizabeth. In the Stoneyhurst MSS. is a curious paper entitled, "A true relation of what succeeded in the sickness and death of Queen Elizabeth," and which is thus endorsed in the hand writing of Father Persons;—"The relation of the Lady Southwell, of the late queen's death, po Aprilis, 1607. It is printed in the Rev. M. A. Tierney's new and valuable edition of Dodd's Church History of England, vol. iii. *p.* 70.

keeper of the prison, touched as he had already been by the piety and gentle manners of his prisoner, was now entirely won over to the faith by the triumphant manner in which he heard the good father refute the arguments of the said preachers, and put them, if not to silence, at least to confusion;

For e'en though vanquish'd they could argue still.

On the morning of the 21st of February, 1595, the keeper of the prison came to his cell to announce that the day had arrived in which he was to suffer for the priesthood. He embraced him in a transport of joy, grateful for the happy tidings he had brought him. The keeper asked for some token of remembrance. "Here," said Southwell, with a placid smile, "it is a sorry gift, but the only one which my poverty affords," and he took from his head a silk cap which had been given him by a friend. The man is said to have treasured this memorial with religious care, nor could afterwards be induced by any consideration to part with it. At the door of Newgate a hurdle was awaiting him, on which he was to be drawn to Tyburn, a distance of between two and three miles. Upon this rude vehicle he stretched himself on his back, with his eyes turned towards heaven, and his hands joined upon his breast in the form of a cross. His lips were seen to move in prayer, and in a tone of deep emotion he was heard to exclaim: "And is it so, O Lord! and can a wretch so vile as I be thought worthy of so high an honor? But all is for thy greater glory." Such was the fervor of his manner, and the heavenly expression of his countenance, that several among the crowd could not withhold expressions of admiration: "God bless you!"—"Heaven support you!"—"Take courage!" were heard on every side; nor could the efforts of the officers who surrounded the hurdle, repress these outpourings of popular sympathy. When the procession was on the point of moving, a lady, who was veiled, approached and bent over the hurdle. It was a Mrs. Bannister, one of Southwell's sisters. He gave her his blessing as well as he could do so, his arms being pinioned, and was heard to whisper to her: "I will remember you in my prayers; but retire; you are in danger; there, go in peace; God bless you!" After this, he spoke no more the whole way, keeping his eyes raised to heaven, and his heart in communion with his Maker; the only words that from time to time escaped his lips, was his favorite and customary ejaculation, *Deus meus et omnia*—"my God and my all!"

Care had been taken to keep secret the day he was to suffer, in order to prevent the concourse expected on such an occasion; and a famous highwayman was ordered for execution in another outskirt of the city, to divert the crowd from witnessing the last conflict of the servant of God. But these precautions availed nothing; great numbers, and among them several persons of distinction, flocked to Tyburn, to be witnesses of his glorious martyrdom.

When within sight of the place of execution, he was seen to raise himself forward from the hurdle, as if to salute the altar upon which he was to consummate the sacrifice. His countenance was covered with dust; when the hurdle stopped, a friendly hand reached forward a handkerchief to wipe his forehead; it was Father Garnet, the partner of his studies in Rome, and of the dangers that beset his return to England. This handkerchief was transmitted to Father Aquaviva, the general of the order in Rome, by whom it was treasured with care.

Below the gibbet stood a cart, in which the blessed martyr was placed. Making the sign of the cross in the best manner he could, he began to address the people in those words of the Apostle: "Whether we live, we live to the Lord, or whether we die, we die to the Lord; therefore, whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord." Here the sheriff would have interrupted him, but he begged leave to add a few words more, assuring him that he would say nothing that could give offence. He then spoke as follows: "I am come to this place to finish my course, and to pass out of this miserable life, and I beg of my Lord Jesus Christ, in whose most precious passion and blood I place my hope of salvation, that he would have mercy on my soul. I confess that I am a Catholic priest of the Holy Roman

Catholic Church, and a religious man of the society of Jesus; on which account I owe eternal thanks and praises to my God and Saviour."* Here he was interrupted by a preacher, who stood beside the cart, and as Father Bartoli remarks, "was determined not to have come there without doing something," telling him, that if he understood what he said in the sense of the council of Trent, he ran the risk of eternal damnation. But a palpable hint from the indignant by-standers having silenced this rabid son of Calvin, Father Southwell resumed: "Sir, let me beg of you not to interrupt the little I have to say during the few moments I have to live. I am a Catholic, and in whatever manner you may please to interpret my words, I hope for salvation through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ. And as to the queen, I never attempted, contrived, or even imagined any evil against her, but have always prayed for her to our Lord; and for this short time of my life, I still pray, that in His infinite mercy, He would be pleased to give her all such gifts and graces, as, in His infinite wisdom, He sees most expedient for the welfare both of her body and soul, in this life and in the next. In like manner, I recommend to the same mercy of God, my poor country. I implore the Divine Bounty to favor it with His light and the saving knowledge of His truth, to the better advancement of the salvation of souls, and to His own greater glory. I have no more to say, except it be to beg of the Almighty and everlasting God, that this my death may be for my own and for my country's good, and for the encouragement and consolation of the Catholics, my brethren."

Having uttered these words, he looked calmly around him, and was seen to make a sign to some one in the crowd. It was to Father Garnet, who, at the risk of his life, was there as a faithful witness of the triumph of his brother missionary. Southwell then crossed his hands as well as he was able upon his breast, and bowed—the meaning of the gesture was unknown to the gazing multitude—by the initiated it was recognized as a token of his receiving the last absolution from Father Garnet. While the executioner was stripping him of the single frock, which, in spite of the inclemency of the weather, was the only garment he wore, he said to the by-standers: "Whatever the ministers here present may report of me, I beg all good Catholics who are witnesses of my end, to bear testimony, that I die a faithful and obedient son of the Church." He then blessed himself, and with his eyes raised toward heaven, repeated, with great calmness and resignation, those words of the Psalmist—"Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." With his favorite phrase, *Deus meus et omnia*, and other short ejaculations upon his lips, the cart was drawn from under him. The unskilful hangman had not properly adjusted the rope, so that it was some time before he was strangled, the blessed martyr being several times seen attempting to make the sign of the cross while he was hanging. The letter of the law was, "to be cut down and embowelled while yet living," and twice or thrice the executioner made an attempt to cut the rope, in order to do his duty. But several of the bystanders, and among the rest, Lord Mountjoy, stepped forward and stayed his hand; while a general cry of "Hold! Hold!" burst from the assembled multitude, so edifying were the last moments of the servant of God, and such was the sympathy he had excited, even in those of a different way of thinking. As he was still seen to open his eyes, the persons near him drew him by the legs, to put him out of pain; and when the rope was cut, instead of allowing the body to fall to the earth and be dragged to the spot where the embowelling was to take place, they received it in their arms, and bore it reverently to the block. When the executioner held up the bloody head, and exclaimed, as was usual, "God save queen

* Of Southwell's devoted attachment to the order which he had embraced, we have ample testimony. That of Father More, the elegant historian of the English mission, is too remarkable to be omitted. "Nescio an quis alius unquam, post sanctissimum parentem ejus Ignatium, majorem de Societate Jesu sensum, majorem vocationis suæ fovcrit æstimationem, quam Robertus Southwell." I know not if any one, our most holy founder excepted, ever cherished a deeper veneration for the society of Jesus, or a more profound sense of his vocation, than Robert Southwell.

Elizabeth!" no voice cried "Traitor!" or responded the customary "Amen!" A respectful silence prevailed, and tears of pity and admiration were seen in many an eye. Lord Mountjoy was heard to say to those around him; "If that man be guilty, God grant that I may die the death of such a culprit!" His head was fixed on the point of a spear, and placed on London Bridge, in the same spot which, some fifty years before, had beheld the decapitated head of another illustrious man, also condemned to bear the name of traitor, though posterity has reversed the sentence—the good Sir Thomas More. The four quarters of his body were affixed to the four gates of the city, but were collected by the pious solicitude of his sister, and decently interred.

We cannot close this memoir more appropriately, than by a remarkable extract from Southwell's beautiful "Epistle of Comfort to the reverend Priests and others, restrained in durance for the Catholic Faith,"— a work which should be in the hands of every lover of the beautiful and the pathetic.—"We find by experience, that whosoever suffereth, even though he suffer for an offence, is pitied; misery, though deserved, naturally begetting sympathy and tenderness in the beholders. But when such men as are of innocent life, of virtuous conversation, of gravity and learning, offer themselves to bear with fortitude every extremity, rejoice when they are tormented, smile when they are dismembered, and go to death as they would to a banquet; when such as want neither dignities to withdraw them, nor friends nor families to withhold them, nor powerful enemies to menace them, are ready to exchange their dignity for disgrace, to forsake their friends, and give themselves into the hands of their mortal foes, for nought else than for conscience' sake: men must need say, as they did in St. Cyprian's time: "It is a thing worthy to be known; yea, it is a thing deserving of the deepest consideration, for which a man is content to suffer death." Such men want no means to search out the truth, having both heard and read all that can be said on either side. They want not judgment to discover the good from the bad, being known as men of deep insight and penetration. They can have no pleasure in pain, nor any temporal inducement to undergo such misery; yea, they have many delights, honors, and preferments to withdraw them from it; and by altering their opinions, and speaking a word, might easily avoid it. Certain, therefore, it is, that they find it necessary to do this; that conscience demands it, that their very soul lieth thereon; for mere flesh and blood could never bear up against such heavy endurance.

"But who is there, despite of all he can do, who may not suffer that by misfortune, which he shrinks from suffering in God's cause? Why, therefore, fear that which cannot be avoided? Live well, and die well, we may; but live long, and not die, we cannot. We should not think life shortened, when it is well ended. He dieth old enough, that dieth good. Life is better well lost, than ill kept. If we be taken away in the flower of our age, how can it be better bestowed, than on Him who gave it? If we die in God's cause, our pitcher is broken over the fountain, but the water is not lost; it is only returned from whence it was taken. We are destined to a glorious combat, in which the mere comfort of having such honorable lookers-on were enough to hearten us against all efforts. When we fight in the cause of faith, God and his angels behold us, and Christ himself looketh on upon the combatant. What a glorious dignity, what an enviable felicity, to fight under God, as the ordainer, and to be crowned by Christ, as the arbiter of the combat! Let honor to the constant, and remorse to the lapsed, spur us to the conflict. Christianity is a warfare, and the Christian a spiritual soldier; his weapon is patience, his leader is Christ, his standard is the cross. Now is the alarm sounded, and the war proclaimed; die you must to win the field. Nor is this news to you, who have professed yourselves the champions of Christ. You know that this is the sovereign victory,—by yielding to subdue, by dying to revive, by shedding your blood and losing your life, to win the goal of eternal felicity. Elijah must not think much to let fall the worthy mantle of the flesh, to be carried to Paradise in a fiery

chariot. Gideon may willingly break his earthen pitchers, to show the light that will confound his enemies. Your daily prayer has been,—'thy kingdom come:' the time is arrived to realize the petition. Let our adversaries, therefore, load us with the infamous titles of traitor and rebel; let them draw us upon hurdles, hang us, embowel us alive, mangle our limbs, and set our quarters upon their gates, as food for the birds of the air. We will answer them as the Christians of the persecutions of the olden time did:—'Such is the manner of our victory; such the conqueror's garb; in such chariots do we triumph!' Yes, go on, ye good magistrates! so much the better in the eyes of the people, if you sacrifice the Catholics to their fury! Rack us, torture us, condemn us to death. You but renew what was done to them of old, of whom it was said, that the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church. Yes, when sown in their blood, the resurrection of immortality springs with more ample increase. Our palms spring the higher under the weight that oppresses them; our flame waves brighter by the attempt to suppress it; the spice tree when shaken yieldeth a richer odor. By persecuting us, you till and manure the ground of the Church; you think to root out the core, and you do but transplant the germs that will spring up in a more plentiful harvest. You think it is the seminary priest that enlarges the Catholic faith; know, that it is yourselves who make the chief seminary, from which the Catholics spread. Though their voice doth avail something, yet comparatively it doth but little. The voice of the blood of your murdered brethren crieth aloud against you, and this voice it is that so forcibly prevails. The missionary announces what books might teach; your deeds teach that which books could never do, and gain over more disciples than words. Our constancy under suffering and trial forces men to look more closely into our cause; and thus, by seeking they find, in finding they believe, and believing, they become as ready to die as ourselves. Our prisons preach. Our wounds convert; nay, our very dead bodies are able to confound heresy. You have labored to suppress us these twenty-six years, and yet from our very ashes springeth increase; and our dead bones, as Ezekiel prophecied, 'are come to be a high army.' By the thunders of your rage, the cloud of error is dissolved, and the earth watered with profitable showers, to the ripening of the corn of God.

"But for ourselves, we would render good for evil; for your hatred, charity, for your ill treatment, prayer. We would willingly purchase your salvation with our dearest blood. But how well soever we be affected towards you, take heed that the earth which receiveth our blood, cry not aloud against you, agreeably to that saying, 'The voice of thy brother's blood crieth out of the earth!' For ourselves, from our hearts we forgive your injuries towards us, and only pity your abuse of God's benefits; that, in return for His favors towards you, you should persecute his flock, hinder the course of his religion, yea, endeavor to abolish the name of the Catholic Church. Alas! your labor is in vain; but incalculable your offence. She is a vessel of safety; howsoever the sea rage, or the winds beat; however tossed among the waves, she cannot sink, having Him at the helm, of whom it is said, that 'the winds and the sea obey Him.'

"We are fallen upon times which many of our forefathers desired to see,—times, when they might not only profit the Church by the example of their life, but also—and how dearly did they desire it!—by the effusion of their blood. When England was Catholic, she had many glorious confessors; it is for the honor and benefit of our country, that she should also have to boast of her martyrs; and we have now, God be thanked! such martyr-makers in authority, as mean, if they have their will, to make saints enough to furnish all our churches with treasure, when it shall please God to restore them to their true honors. And doubt not, lest either they or their posterity, shall see the very prisons of execution become places of reverence and devotion; and the scattered bones of those who have suffered in this cause, though now thought unworthy of Christian burial, then shrined in gold, and held in the highest respect.

Let us, then, profit by so favorable an occasion of preferment in the court of the Most High, and be as studious, in this age, to aspire to the dignity of watering God's Church with our blood, as our forefathers were to further it by their virtuous example, and by the glory of their good works. 'The kingdom of heaven,' says St. Augustine, 'requireth no price but thyself. It is worth all thou art: give thyself, and thou shalt have it.' Oh! thrice happy you, who are now on the last step to this glory! Joy in your happiness; but in the midst of your joy, forget not us. Pray that God may accept us also, and promote us to the like happiness."

We offer no comment upon the above extract. Its eloquence, and the prophetic spirit which it breathes, will at once have struck every reader.

Southwell's merits as a poet were fully appreciated in his day; of this upwards of ten editions, in twice that number of years, is a sufficient proof; and yet few works have become more rare, a single copy in Longman's poetical catalogue being marked at six guineas. Were any testimonials needed in favor of their merits, the names of such eminent critics as Sir Egerton Brydges, Mr. Ellis, and Mr. Headley, would be more than sufficient. The former observes, that "a deep, moral pathos, illumined by fervent piety, marked every thing Southwell wrote, either in prose or verse. There is something," he adds, "singularly simple, chaste, eloquent and fluent in his diction on all occasions." "Southwell's poems," says Mr. Ellis, "all of which are on moral or religious subjects, are far from deserving the neglect which they have experienced." Another judicious critic observes: "That even those, who least love the religion of the author, must admire and praise his writings, and regret that neither his simple strains in prose, nor his polished metre, should have yet obtained a collected edition of his works for general readers." Our next number will contain some extracts from his poetical writings.

From the Dublin Review.

RELIGION IN ENGLAND BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

Life and Times of John Reuchlin or Caprion, the Father of the Reformation. By F. Barham, Esq. London: 1843.

WHATEVER ills afflicted this fair realm of England, from her conversion to Christianity under St. Augustine down to the fatal epoch of 1534, were most assuredly not attributable to the religion which, during that long and interesting period of her history, grew and flourished upon her soil in so singular a degree: for *that* was a religion more peculiarly adapted to bring a blessing on the land,—"a vision fair of peace and rest;" making it "a land of hills and plains expecting rain from heaven, and which the Lord God for ever visited, keeping his eyes for ever on it, from the beginning of the year unto the end thereof;" (Deut. xi, 11, 12;) devoting her whole substance in this, to the interests of a future world, and consecrating her whole self, both spiritual and temporal, to those hallowed purposes.

For, in the first place, it was a religion which ever made the Church her homestead. There she enthroned her God in splendid pageantry, collecting all her means to honor Him whom she adored, and attracting to His worship all the people over whom she ruled. There was enticing imagery for the young, and solemn service for the old; the note of sorrow or of triumph in her voice, the sign of mourning or of gladness on her altars, the daughter of Sion robed in "the garments of her glory," or clad in the weeds of her affliction, as the season suggested; the emblem of redemp-

tion elevated upon high, that while they gazed upon the sad symbol of their faith it might excite compunction, and with compunction hope, and with hope charity. More elevated still, they beheld the representation of the last and awful doom, with Him who was crucified for the sins of men coming in great majesty and power to judge mankind by the standard of the cross, attended by choirs of angels to minister to his will, with companies of prophets and armies of martyrs to attest the judgment, and the whole host of heaven to do homage to his wisdom and his justice; the blessed on the right and the reprobate on the left, a gleam of eternal brightness indicating the reward of the one, and sulphurous flame and tormenting spirits the portion of the other. But this was not the only instruction which the pious votary might read in the decoration of the material temple. If his soul were oppressed or his eyes wearied by the contemplation of this awful scene, and he sought relief by casting them on the ground, there was still a lesson ready for him, for they but rested on the memorials of the dead. If he were a sinner he was again struck with terror; if he were looking with pious expectation for what was to come, he read his hope and his consolation; for he knew that if death were the destruction of the wicked, it was also the resurrection of the just. Around him he beheld depicted the whole story of revelation, to elevate the mind by teaching it the dignity of a Christian, and the value of an immortal soul; the end for which it was created, and the price paid for its redemption. They were all appliances to excite devotion, and every requisite to satisfy it,—the daily sacrifice, the varied service, the frequent prayer, the priest of God to distribute his graces, to give strength to the weak and fresh vigor to the strong, to relieve the penitent of his burden at the foot of the cross, and impress the judgments of heaven on the obdurate sinner,—to afford consolation to the sorrowful, courage to the timid and assurance to the diffident; in fine, through the powers conferred upon her ministers by her divine Founder, as the vicegerents of Him who said, "Come to me all ye who labor and are burdened, and I will ease and refresh you;" dispensing relief to all the miseries, temptations, and afflictions with which the poor wayfarer in this valley of tears is sure to be tried, bewildered or oppressed.

It was the religion which, from St. Augustine to Sir Thomas More, never omitted to put forth the most splendid examples of the noblest virtues, of the most steadfast faith, the most heroic courage, and the most ardent charity; leaving monuments of zeal to attest the disinterested and benignant piety of men who enthroned the covenant of God in the heart, and gave it dominion over the passions.

It was the only religion which ever possessed within herself such incentives to virtue, or which provided such safe-guards against vice; which ever realized the counsels of the Gospel, and of frail, sinful creatures, made men "rich in virtue,"—burying them in peace, but giving them a name which liveth unto generation and generation (Eccles. xliv, 6, 14), and sending their souls to that blessed abode, where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes: and death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow, for the former things are passed away."

It was the religion which, even "in the darkest times, was ever found to be fighting the cause of truth and right against sin, to be a witness for God, or defending the poor, or purifying or reforming her own functionaries, or promoting peace, or maintaining the holy faith committed to her;"* and it was the only religion that ever put forth all her energies, or combated successfully in such a cause.

And thus it was that the ancient religion of the realm covered the land with consecrated spots, where men were separated from this troubled world, and carried into serene and tranquil regions before their time—where they escaped from the thorny desert to dwell among enamelled meads—from the contagious atmosphere of every vice to the salubrious abodes of every virtue. They "who were better than the world in their youth, or weary of it in their

* British Critic.

age;" they whose sensitive nature rendered them alike incapable of resisting either the soft breeze or the rude blast, whose sympathizing tenderness ever melted before the feelings, or whose unresisting timidity ever yielded before the violence of others; they whose iniquities sat heavier on them than they could bear to carry amidst the haunts of sin, and who must needs lay them at the foot of the cross; they whose pilgrimage of toil and mourning had so bruised the heart that it could alone be healed within the balmy influence of the cloister, because there alone the voice of God could reach it amidst the sacred stillness, converting its sorrows into love,—all found their solace and their joy within these holy precincts.

There, too, it was, that the apostolic man was schooled in the science of the saints, till he went forth as the herald of salvation on his triumphant course, conquering sin and death, enlarging the boundaries of faith, and establishing the kingdom of God upon earth.

There it was that the storms of a thousand years swept unheeded over the virtue, which required the protection of the sanctuary to bring it to maturity, and where alone the sublime perfection of the Gospel could be attained: there, that men were congregated together to pray for the sins of their fellow-men—"for a world which forgets to pray for itself"—and to invoke the blessings of God upon his fallen creatures.

There it was that the arts and sciences found their cradle and their refuge, in a rude and troubled age; there the lives of the saints were chronicled, and the history of passing events recorded that otherwise had been lost in oblivion.

There it was that the word of God was treasured up, and explored for the benefit of others with less learning and less leisure than themselves, and there, even, that the classic lore of antiquity was preserved for the amusement and instruction of after generations, till the arts of more modern days were to place them beyond all future danger; then, as now, "a cloister without a library was said to be like a castle without an armory."

There it was that the renunciation of the superfluities of life was reckoned an honorable and meritorious sacrifice, and men were content to be abstemious themselves to enjoy the means of gratifying the necessities of others; for there the hand of charity doled out the daily pittance to the destitute, without any offensive inquiry into the cause of a distress, the presence of which was alone a sufficient recommendation for relief. The spiritual, too, kept pace with the corporal works of mercy, and while food for the body was distributed without, food for the soul was abundantly supplied within.

It was the monastic rule that enabled the possessors of the abbey lands to let them on easy terms, which, together with the hospitalities and charities which they practised, served as a check on the rapacity or cruelty of the feudal baron; and, as a consequence, a prosperous tenantry and a happy people were sure to grow up around the sanctuary. The same benefits were conferred by the property of the prelates and dignitaries of the Church, so that it became a proverb, "that it was better, to be governed by a bishop's crozier than by a monarch's sceptre:" and such was the condition of about a fourth part of the kingdom, from which not an eighth probably of the revenue was collected. Yet another blessing did they bring with them, that when war and misery had well nigh desolated the land, through the reckless ambition of some daring noble, or the rough tyranny of some lawless sovereign, these "cities of refuge" usually escaped the general wreck, and remained as nurseries of virtue and of learning, for the regeneration of the people; while, if the Church also fell into disorder or decay, from similar causes or from other untoward circumstances, it was the monasteries that ever furnished the materials for its reform.

Such were among the blessings which the religion of our ancestors conferred upon the country. But there were others still; let us take them discursively, as they present themselves to the mind, without order or method.

It was the only religion which has ever really dedicated to God what belongs to God, lavishing the richest produce both of art and nature in His service, and making all things subservient to her sacred and ex-

alted destinies; adorning the world with temples for His worship, which, having taken centuries to erect—and as many centuries having since passed over them—still stand to excite the admiration of all lovers of the beautiful and sublime, and to attest the superior zeal and piety inspired by the ancient faith.

It was the religion under which England was governed without a standing army, a star chamber, a national debt, or poor law unions; under which all the best and proudest institutions of the country rose and flourished, and attained maturity; which freed the nation from the tyrannical exactions of the forest laws, and which won, and then consecrated by her sanction, the great charter of our liberties.

It was the only religion that ever really provided, without any state assistance, for the education of all classes—of the poor as well as of the rich—in school, in convent, or in college.

It was the only religion that has ever filled the hospitals with unpaid attendants, who, actuated solely by the charity of the Gospel, have brought every virtue of the Gospel with them, and supplied with a kind heart and a devout zeal the best remedies for the body, because administered in conjunction with the best medicines for the soul.

It was the first religion that ever advocated the cause of the slave in the face of power and interest, which broke down the wall of separation between the singular and even antagonist diversities of the human race, and placed "the son of the stranger" upon an equality with the more favored and cherished of her children. It was the only religion which ever established a company for the redemption of captives, even at the risk of their own liberty, and which, after an honorable existence of six hundred years, still survives the occasion for which it was created; the only religion in which piety and humanity have united to conquer the repugnance of our nature, and to congregate men of feeling hearts and enlightened minds within the dark caverns of the unhealthy mine, burying themselves alive within the bowels of the earth, in the sublime exercise of corporal and spiritual works of mercy to the wretched inmates of those dreary abodes, and whom the avarice of their fellow-men had condemned to this service of privation and misery.

It was the only religion that ever threw her mantle over the persecuted, the forlorn, and the unfortunate. Her voice was ever raised in their defence, and her laws were ever devised for their protection. She never failed to provide shelter and hospitality for the houseless traveller; the wayfaring man of business, the prince, the prelate, and the pilgrim, all equally partook of the charity which the pious care of the faithful of old, had so munificently placed at the disposal of men bound by the most solemn compact to do good service to all comers; while the house of God, which they tenanted and served more especially, stood open to yield its consolations where more was lacked than mere bodily rest and refreshment—that which might satisfy the cravings of the soul, heal the scathed spirit, and ease the burdened conscience. Even the most bold and indifferent, in those "ages of faith," muttered a hasty *Pater* and *Ave*, and crossed themselves before they left the hospitable roof, and set forth upon their perilous way; while the sober and thoughtful made their more fervent orisons at the altar of God, offered up their griefs and their repentance, their hopes and their supplications, to the avenger of evil and the rewarder of good, the refuge of the weak and the comforter of the afflicted, that their pangs might be assuaged and their fears dispelled, claiming the protection of heaven, in the true feeling of a Christian, against the wiles of Satan and the machinations of wicked men; but more especially against the hazards with which those devout yet troubled times too often beset the path of the wanderer in this wilderness of sin and sorrow. There was a community of sentiment also between the casual guest and his hospitable hosts, which imparted such a consciousness of sympathy in all his feelings as infinitely to heighten the boon conferred upon him—which indeed seemed to be rather the immediate providence of heaven than the extorted charity of man,—and sent the pilgrim on

his way with a hymn of gratitude to the giver of all good gifts, and of increased confidence in His favor.

It was the only religion that ever consecrated matrimony with a sacrament, or honored celibacy as one of the first of virtues, remembering that the throne of the Lamb is surrounded by spotless virgins, who enjoy the blessed privilege of waiting on Him wherever he goeth.

It was the only religion that ever peopled the desert with anchorites, or filled the cloister with penitents from among the gay and dissolute; the only one that ever gained a barbarous people to civilization and Christianity; the only one that ever sent a tide of devoted warriors to stem the torrent of an infidel fanaticism which threatened to devastate the whole inheritance of Christ; the only one that ever converted a romantic lover into a true knight, or of a fanatic made a saint.

It was the religion that made Godfrey de Bouillon exclaim, in the gratitude of his triumph, that "he would never wear a crown of gold in that city wherein the Saviour of the world had worn a crown of thorns;" which induced Rodolphe of Hapsburgh, the sceptre not being at hand, to seize the crucifix, saying, "This is my sceptre, I'll have no other;" and when Gregory VII thus expressed himself on his death-bed, surrounded as he was by every worldly sorrow, "because I loved justice, and hated iniquity, therefore do I die in exile," that inspired a bystander to comfort him by the reply, "Sir, there is no place of exile for you, for the Lord hath given you the nations for your inheritance, and the boundaries of the earth for the limits of your dominion."

It was the only religion that ever knit all hearts together in blessed unity, which restrained the unlawful wanderings of the human mind, stifled schism in its birth, repressed error, reduced the loftiest spirits as well as the meanest understandings to a just obedience, established a happy sympathy between the greatest and the least, placed the prince and the peasant side by side on the bare pavement of her splendid temples, elevating the hopes of the one and depressing the pride of the other, and instructing both in that wholesome truth, that they worshipped a God who was no respecter of persons. It was the only religion that, by sound of anointed bell, has ever invited the poor husbandman to prayer before the rising of the sun, and has assembled him again at the termination of his labors, when crowds of pious and believing souls came to sanctify the declining day by filling the house of God with their holy chaunt, and proffering their supplications to heaven for protection till the coming morning.

It was the only religion that ever respected the censures of the Church, and exhibited to the Christian world the spectacle of a sovereign prince remaining for three hundred years without sepulture—as did Raymond of Toulouse—because he died under the ban of a spiritual attainder, the open enemy of God; the only one that ever produced a prelate bold enough to close the doors of the sanctuary against imperial majesty, considering even the presence of an emperor—the fountain of honor, the anointed of God, and the depository of his power—as a profane intrusion, when excluded, by his crimes, from the communion of the faithful.

It was the only religion which, at the voice of outraged virtue, ever shut her temples, hushed her bells, and made a whole people mourn in sackcloth and ashes, till the sins of their brethren were expiated in repentance; the only one that ever brought an offending sovereign to kneel in sorrow and humiliation as a suppliant for pardon at the feet of the common father of the faithful, the common protector of afflicted humanity.

It was the only religion in which the rights of the people were ever respected, and in which, for ten centuries and more, the canonical law, or at least imprescriptible usage, required their consent and co-operation in the election of bishops to govern the Church of God, and even in the appointment of the sovereign pontiff himself; and such was the confidence reposed in their decision, that *vox populi, vox Dei,* became a proverb; and this honorable privilege might have remained in their possession to this day, had not the vices with

which they became infected, and the new order of things which grew up within the republic of Christendom, justly deprived them of it.

It was the only religion that could ever boast of the miraculous attestations of heaven in its favor, and which, in every age, has gone forth, and the signs have followed, casting out devils, speaking strange tongues, healing the sick, curing the lame, giving sight to the blind, and raising the dead to life.

It was the only religion that has ever sung the song of triumph over the solitary grave of a martyred missionary among the trackless deserts of the new world; and which, imparting fresh energies to their zeal, has carried the messengers of God with an heroic perseverance onwards in their enterprise, till, after incredible efforts and sacrifices, they at length reduced within the boundaries of civilization whole tribes of savage wanderers, almost as impatient of control as the wild beasts of the forests in which they dwelt, and converted them into a Christian republic, the most perfect that ever graced the annals of the human race.

It was the only religion that has ever carried the glad tidings of a crucified Redeemer among the empires of the east; among a people as singular for their civilization, as for their obstinate repugnance to the light of the Gospel, and where religion, after struggling under alternate destinies for three hundred years, fertilizing the fields of Christianity with the blood of one hundred thousand martyrs,—numbers of them immolated under the most excruciating torments,—still presents attractions to the pious zeal of the missionary, who, at the peril of his life, brings succor to the persecuted and dispirited remnant of what were once so many flourishing provinces of the kingdom of God upon earth.*

It was the only religion, which, by its love of labor, and its patient industry, has ever converted an arid desert into a fruitful garden, and reared the standard of the cross among the mountain tops,—that cross, "whose breadth is charity, whose length is eternity, whose height is almighty power, and whose depth is unsearchable wisdom," hallowing even the rugged summits of some desolate rock, by transforming it into the abode of piety and virtue; or, which planting the sacred emblem of our redemption along the common thoroughfare, invited the weary pilgrim to offer up his sorrows on the altar of Calvary, to drop a tear of compunction for his share in that tragedy of wo, to slake his thirst at that fountain of life, and gather strength and joy through the merits and sufferings of his Saviour.

It was the only religion that ever enlisted a society of volunteers in the cause of charity, to do daily duty amidst the dreary regions of the Alps, within the limits of eternal snows and incessant storm, beyond the habitation of man and the boundary line of vegetation—a society which a thousand years of ceaseless labor, has not robbed of the fresh vigor of its youth, and which still affords shelter and protection from the dangers of those inhospitable climes to all who need it, let their creed or color be what it may.

It was the religion which alone has adorned the calendar with its thousand saints,—with an Anthony, a Benedict, a Bruno, a Bernard, a Dominic, a Francis, an Ignatius, a Xavier, a Vincent of Paula, a Borromeo, a Francis of Sales, and Philip Neri—men who are despised and dishonored by the world, but who, if we estimate greatness by the only true criterion, the benefits conferred upon mankind, are infinitely superior to those who contemn them; so that well may we apply to them and to ourselves those prophetic words of wisdom, "We fools esteemed their life madness, and their end without honor: behold how they are numbered amongst the children of God, and their lot is among the saints!"

It was the religion in which "the covenant of the priesthood" has alone remained for ever in one unbroken line, verifying the promises of God to Peter, and through Peter, to Peter's successors, "Thou art Pe-

* In 1596, there were in China about half a million of Christians, with more than two hundred and fifty churches; and in Japan, in 1715, three hundred thousand Christians, and three hundred churches, all through the indefatigable labors of the Dominicans, Franciscans, and Jesuits.

ter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it; and to thee will I give the keys of the kingdom of heaven, whatever ye shall bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven, whatever ye shall loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven," and then confirming the everlasting compact by the assurance "that heaven and earth should pass away, but that His word should not pass." Look at the singular verification of this great covenant in that eternal and mysterious city, which, serving for a thousand years as the capital of the last and most powerful of the five great empires, was appointed also as the spot wherein the grain of mustard-seed was to take root and grow into a tree, which, nourished by the blood of martyrs, soon covered with its shadow all the limits of the earth: a capital, which, after the lapse of a few ages, in which the rising religion had to struggle for its ascendancy with all the powers and principalities of this world of pomp and vanity, and of the world of darkness and of Satan, was transferred to the sovereignty of him whose only claim was his rightful heritage from the poor fisherman, Peter, who, in the pride of her imperial sway, had been barbarously and ignominiously crucified as a worthless and ignorant impostor. The heir of Peter he was the only lawful depository of the "perpetual covenant," and which, for its blessed fulfilment under an over-ruling and Almighty Providence, he has faithfully transmitted to every succeeding generation; while the covenant itself, in eternal memorial of its divine origin, like that to which it had succeeded, written, as it were, upon the tablets of heaven by the finger of God in the great cathedral of Christendom, "the house of prayer for all nations!" (Isaias lvi, 7)—hangs suspended over the tomb of Peter,—over the very relics of the simple, unlettered fisherman, to whom that covenant was made, with all the splendor of art and nature collected around to honor and adorn the most gorgeous temple ever erected to God, or the most superb monument ever raised over the remains of man! Can any one doubt then of the accomplishment of the prophetic pledge? Behold it verified to the letter in the material Church; while history, and the attesting faith of one hundred and fifty millions of Christians dispersed throughout the universe, yet all professing allegiance to this same successor of Peter,—with those who first afflicted her bowing down to her, and those who slandered her worshipping the steps of her feet, and calling the city of Peter, the city of the Lord—all proclaim its verification in the spiritual! (See Isaias lv, 14.)

Such being the characteristics of the religion which prevailed in these islands previous to their fatal separation from the centre of Christendom, it is clear that we must look to other causes for the miseries which, even then, too frequently afflicted the land: nor need we go far in our investigation for the discovery. For it was not the Lord who had "deceived this people, saying: you shall have peace: and behold the sword reacheth even to the soul." (Jeremias iv, 10.) Sin alone will account for all. It had driven our first parents from a paradise of happiness into a wilderness of sorrow; had so dimmed the knowledge of good and evil, that it was with difficulty discerned by a generation now become the children of wrath, and whose corruption at length was such, that only a universal deluge could cleanse the earth from the foul pollution. Notwithstanding this signal vengeance of a repenting Maker upon a whole world, sin again recommenced its ravages, and the depravity was so spread that even the chosen people of God were too often infected with the leprosy, and too often became obnoxious to the devastating scourge of heaven. Levi himself was "a vessel of iniquity;"—from him descended Aaron and the priesthood, which, in the end, crowned the measure of their crimes by condemning and crucifying the Messiah, who had won a title to their faith by the most stupendous miracles, and whom it was their duty to acknowledge and proclaim as their king and Saviour.

Sin it was that had so hardened the heart of Pharaoh that the signs and wonders wrought for his conversion but rendered him the more perverse and obdurate,—that had dri-

ven even the race most favored by God into bondage, delivered them into the hands of the spoilers, and cut them off to a mere remnant,—that had all but reduced man to the condition of the brute beast,—that had called down fire and brimstone from heaven to make a smoking holocaust of whole cities to appease the excited vengeance of the Most High,—that had caused innumerable wars, and all their attendant miseries,—that had raised the vanity of one man to be expiated by the destruction of seventy thousand of his people,—that for three whole years had denied rain to the earth, so that there was a grievous famine,—that had destroyed the temple of God, and profaned the sacred vessels in the service of Baal,—and which, after immolating the Son of God in its impious fury as a blasphemer against heaven, adored an idol of Jupiter on the very spot on which he rose from the dead, and erected a statue of Venus on the site on which the Creator of mankind was crucified for the sins of men! Neither did the expiation of past sins check the multiplication of new ones; and, ever since the birth of Christianity, the history of the world has still been but a succession of offences against heaven, and a series of just chastisements from God. We have still seen "in the place of judgment, wickedness, and in the place of justice iniquity;" we have still "walked in the way of the nations which the Lord had destroyed;" we have still been an obdurate and stiff-necked people, turning away our hearts and deceiving ourselves with error; we have still seen the people of God oppressed, and good "men fall before the children of iniquity;" we have ever been the friends of this world, and the enemies of Christ, and the obedient servants of sin unto death—so that there has been no cessation from crime, but for ever the same abundant cause for that beautiful and pathetic prayer of Tobias and Sara: "O Lord, take not vengeance of our sins, neither remember our offences, nor those of our parents." What marvel then, that from time to time the hand of God fell heavy on us, and that evils and afflictions found us? It would indeed have been an undeserved mercy if they had not.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

BY THE RT. REV. DR. BAINES.

"The Lord God shall give unto him the throne of David, his father, and he shall reign in the house of Jacob forever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end."—*Luke* i, 32, 33.

My Christian Brethren,

WHOEVER is familiar with the sacred Scriptures, must have noticed how constantly the Church of Christ is spoken of as a great kingdom or universal empire. In this character it is almost invariably described by the prophets, a circumstance which led the Jewish nation, whose national vanity, and inordinate love of this world blinded them to heavenly things, to believe that the promised Messiah was to be the greatest of earthly conquerors, and Jerusalem the seat of his empire. "He shall rule from sea to sea," sung the royal prophet, "and from the river to the ends of the earth,"—"all the kings of the earth shall adore him, all nations shall serve him." (Ps. lxxi.)—"All the ends of the earth shall remember and be converted to the Lord, and all the kindreds of the Gentiles shall adore in his sight; for the kingdom is the Lord's, and he shall have dominion over the nations." (Ps. xxi.) The prophet Daniel is even more explicit, comparing the empire of the Messiah with the four great universal empires, viz., the Babylonian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman, and pointing out one essential difference between it and them, viz., that it

should never be destroyed, but should stand for ever. "In the days of those kingdoms, the God of heaven will set up a kingdom that shall never be destroyed, and his kingdom shall not be delivered up to another people; and it shall break in pieces, and shall consume all these kingdoms, and itself shall stand for ever." (Dan. ii, 44.) In exact conformity with these predictions was the declaration of the angel Gabriel, when he announced to Mary the birth of her divine Son. "The Lord God shall give unto him the throne of David his father, and he shall reign in the house of Jacob for ever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end." (Luke i, 32, 33.) Hence, our blessed Saviour himself, being accused by the Jews of aspiring to royalty, when asked by Pilate if he were a king, answered positively that he was, but that his kingdom was not of this world. For this was I born; and for this came I into the world, that I should give testimony to the truth. Every one that is of the truth, heareth my voice." (John xviii, 37.) As if He had said, mine is the empire of eternal truth, to which all who love the truth must belong. Throughout the Gospels, our Blessed Saviour constantly speaks of his Church as "the kingdom of heaven" and "the kingdom of God." Thus, when speaking of its rapid progress, he says, "the kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed," and, when predicting the exclusion of the Jews and the vocation of the Gentiles, he says, "the kingdom of heaven is like to a king who made a marriage feast for his son."

The constant repetition of the assertion, both in the Old and New Testament, that the Church of Christ is a kingdom, can leave no doubt of its literal truth. But if any one will contend that the language is in some degree figurative, still it cannot be denied, that in all essential properties, the Church of Christ must bear a marked resemblance to a kingdom.

What, then, is a kingdom? It is a society of men united together under the government of a sovereign. But as the sovereign cannot be every where present, nor discharge all the duties which the office of a supreme ruler implies, he has under him magistrates and officers of different grades, who perform various offices in his name. And, that all the subjects may know what their social duties are, and not be the sport of the passions or caprice of their immediate rulers, a code of regulations, or laws, common to all, are an essential appendage of every government. But as laws would be of little use unless there were authorities to explain their meaning and enforce their observance, hence, in every kingdom there are bodies of men set apart for these express purposes. Such were all the ancient kingdoms and monarchies which the sacred writers must have had in view when they spoke of the Church of Christ as a kingdom. In fact, no kingdom of any extent ever did, or ever could exist without the appendages above mentioned, viz., a sovereign, a code of laws, and an authority to explain and enforce the laws.

If it be said, that the kingdom of Jesus Christ "is not of this world," this can only mean that the objects it has in view are not of this world. The objects of earthly kingdoms are the peace and happiness of man in this life; those of the kingdom of Jesus Christ, their obedience to the divine law in this life, and their eternal happiness in the next. But the subjects of both kingdoms are the same, viz., men living in this world, and consequently their sovereign, their magistrates, their judges, and administrators of the laws, must also be men living in this world.

The kingdom, then, of Jesus Christ, is like its divine Founder and Sovereign, partly divine, partly human; partly spiritual, partly corporeal; partly internal, partly external. Divine, inasmuch as it regards the things of God, has God for its author, and tends to unite man eternally with God; human, inasmuch as the supreme Sovereign himself, the God-man, is human, and all his earthly subjects human: spiritual, inasmuch as it regards the souls of men, regulates their moral and religious conduct, and enforces the observance of the divine laws, with a view to the perfecting of man's spiritual nature here, and the salvation of his soul hereafter; corporeal, inasmuch as the soul being intimately and inseparably united

with the body, cannot, ordinarily speaking, be approached, governed, controlled or directed, but through the medium of the body: internal, inasmuch as the conviction of the truths of religion, and the obligation of obedience to its laws, as well as the graces by which alone its duties can be fulfilled, are internal; external, inasmuch as neither the ignorant can be instructed, nor the obedient encouraged, nor the rebellious reproved, but by external means. In this view of the kingdom of Christ, we perceive how perfectly consistent are his divine declarations, when at one time he says to all, "the kingdom of God is within you," and at another, to his apostles, "Go teach and baptize,"—"he that hears you, hears me, and he that despises you, despises me."

Now, if this be a true description of the kingdom of Christ, we shall most likely find some vestiges of it in the Sacred Scriptures, and in the Church itself we must necessarily find it in full operation. For, as Jesus Christ expressly promised that he would remain with his Church for ever, we are sure to find in it at all times, whatever is essential to its legitimate constitution.

And in the first place do the Scriptures give any hint of a sovereign being appointed by Christ to govern his visible kingdom when he should be removed from it? For the most essential characteristic of a kingdom or monarchy, is undoubtedly a sovereign or monarch. On this head we have the most satisfactory information, both in the Scriptures and in the history of the Church. You know the commission given by Jesus Christ to his apostle Peter, after the latter had made his solemn profession of faith—"Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God." Our Blessed Saviour had, upon his first acquaintance with this apostle, changed his name from Simon to Peter, which signifies *a rock*. He now assigns the cause: "I say to thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it: and I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. xvi, 18, *et seq.*) As the Apostle St. Paul, assures us, and as it is in itself clear, that Jesus Christ is himself the "*chief corner stone*," or foundation of his Church, Peter can be so in no other sense than as his representative on earth. In like manner as Jesus Christ will not surrender to his Eternal Father the kingdom of his Church, till he shall, at the day of judgment, "have put all things under his feet" (Cor. xv); so, in constituting Peter the supreme governor of his Church, under the usual formality of the delivery of the keys, he could intend to constitute him so only as his vicegerent or vicar on earth.

But on this occasion, our Blessed Saviour only makes the promise to Peter of the supreme vicariate of his universal Church. Does he afterwards fulfil this promise? Yes; but not till the moment when he himself was about to withdraw his visible presence from the world. It was after his resurrection, when Peter and some of his fellow disciples, having spent a wearisome night in fishing on the sea of Tiberias, without the least success, Jesus, in the dawn of morning, appeared on the shore, and, calling to the boat, "bade them cast the net on the right side of the ship," promising that they should be successful. They did so, "and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes." (John xxi.) This was not the first time in which the divine Saviour had given his disciples to comprehend, by this practical illustration, their own natural helplessness in the conversion of nations, and their wonderful efficacy in this superhuman work, when commissioned and aided by him. Jesus was pleased to premise it on this occasion to his official and final commission to Peter. He then proceeds to ask him, "Simon, son of John, lovest thou me more than these?"—as if he had said; For, as I am about to confer upon thee greater authority than upon thy fellow disciples, I demand in return a greater love. Peter answered, "Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee," not daring, as an ancient Father observes, after the sad experience of his recent fall, to say that he loved him more than his fellows. This was enough, and better indeed than more; for this bespoke humility, and more would have betrayed presumption. Jesus "saith to him, Feed my lambs. He saith to him again: Simon, son of John,

lovest thou me? He saith to him: Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. He saith to him: Feed my lambs. He saith to him the third time: Simon, son of John, lovest thou me? Peter was grieved because he had said to him the third time, Lovest thou me? Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. He said to him: Feed my sheep." (John xxi.) The narrator of this most striking and interesting event was the beloved disciple, who was present on the occasion, and whose amiable and generous humility seems to have taken pleasure in recounting thus minutely the enviable preference shown by his divine Lord to Peter. Its import is clear. The name of *shepherd* was a common appellation assumed by eastern sovereigns, as expressive of the mildness and gentleness of their sway. It frequently occurs in Homer and other Pagan writers, as well as in the Scriptures. In the latter, the prophet Isaiah thus describes the Messiah: "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather together the lambs with his arm, and shall take them up in his bosom." (Isaiah xl, 11.) These lambs and sheep, the object of the heavenly Shepherd's tender solicitude, he entrusts, on his departure from the earth, to the care of Peter,—thus constituting him the visible pastor of his earthly flock, the vicarious sovereign of his spiritual kingdom, and thus fulfilling the promise he had made, "I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven."

But as, under the old law, Moses, the visible ruler of the ancient theocracy, could not discharge alone all the duties belonging to his high station, and was, therefore, assisted by Aaron and his sons, who were solemnly consecrated for the functions of the priesthood, as well as by the seventy ancients, on whom a portion of the spirit of Moses was conferred, to aid him in the general government; so, in the theocracy, if I may so express it, of the new law, Peter, its supreme visible ruler, was assisted by the other apostles, who received from Jesus Christ a portion of the same power and of the same spirit which had been given to their chief. For though to none of them did he give "the keys of the kingdom of heaven," nor the general commission to "feed his lambs and his sheep," he breathed on all and said to them, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain they are retained." To all he said,—"As the Father hath sent me, I also send you (John xx); he that heareth you heareth me, and he that despiseth you, despiseth me (Luke x); go teach all nations, and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." (Matt. xxviii.) Of the whole apostolic body St. Paul spoke when he said,—"Take heed to yourselves and to the whole flock, wherein the Holy Ghost hath placed you bishops to rule the Church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood." (Acts xx.)

Whilst the episcopal body was thus appointed to assist the supreme ruler of the Church in the government of its numerous provinces, the latter were commissioned to ordain priests and deacons, who might assist them within the limits of their respective diocesses, in preaching the word, administering the sacraments, offering the adorable sacrifice, and discharging the other functions of their sacred ministry.

Such is the form of ecclesiastical government which we trace in the Sacred Scriptures too clearly to be easily misunderstood. But in the history of the Church it is traced, if possible, still more clearly. That such is its government at the present day, none can dispute; that it was the same in the time of St. Gregory the Great, in the sixth, and St. Leo, in the fifth century, is equally manifest. That the episcopal body ruled the universal Church in the second century, every page of ecclesiastical history demonstrates. That the bishop of Rome either did or could usurp a sovereignty over the other great patriarchs and metropolitans, without any resistance being made, and historically recorded, is contrary to the nature of things, and more than morally impossible. So far the characteristics of the Christian Church correspond with that of an ordinary kingdom or empire. It has its monarch; it has its chief magistrates; it has its various grades of ministers, all moving in their respective spheres, subordinate to or connected with

each other, for the preservation of unity, truth and peace, amongst the people of God, and for the extension of his holy reign on earth.

With respect to the duties belonging to the rulers of the Church, they resemble those which belong to every government. To every government it belongs to enact laws for the benefit of the community, to promulgate and explain those laws, or, in other words, to teach them to the people, both as to their expression and true meaning, particularly the latter; for it is evident that however desirable it may be to know the exact words of the law, it is infinitely more so to know its true meaning, according to which judgment will pass, and reward or punishment be awarded.

It is true that in the Church of Christ, as in that of the Jews, the legislative authority is much limited,—God himself having, in both cases, taken upon himself the enactment of the laws. But it belongs to the Church to make such laws or regulations as may appear necessary for enforcing the observance of the divine laws, and these, as coming from the legitimate authorities, are equally binding as if they came directly from God himself. Such was the law which the apostles made at Jerusalem, when they enjoined abstinence "from things strangled and from blood," and such were the regulations to which St. Paul alludes in his first epistle to the Corinthians, when, having complained of the abuses which had crept into the mode of celebrating the blessed eucharist, and given certain orders on the subject, he adds,—"The rest I will set in order when I come." (1 Cor. xi, 34.) It is supposed that one of the regulations he then made was that of receiving the blessed sacrament fasting, a regulation which has been universal throughout the Church from the earliest ages, and which is still every where enforced as of strict and conscientious obligation. Such are the laws which the Church makes for the due sanctification of the Lord's day, the commemoration of the great mysteries of our redemption, the celebration of festivals, the times and manner of abstinence, fasting, and other similar observances, which, though generally commanded by God, are not commanded as to the particular times or manner of their observance. Under the Jewish law which was intended only for a single nation and for a limited period, less discretion was left to its visible rulers, God himself having regulated every thing with considerable detail; but in the new law, which was intended for every nation of the world and for every period of time, our Blessed Saviour wisely left to the authorities of his Church a greater latitude as to the mode of enforcing his divine ordinances; it being well known to him that the various circumstances of countries, climates, habits, and constitutions, would require that the ceremonial, or mode of fulfilling his immutable commands, should be liable to change.

It is evident that to refuse to obey the laws of the Church, on the pretext that they are not expressly contained in Scripture, is to assume a right which no government would tolerate,—that of individuals setting themselves above the law, and saying, "we will not obey, because we disapprove." In the Church such conduct entails the guilt of disobedience to God himself, according to those words, addressed to his apostles,—"He that hears you, hears me, and he that despises you, despises me." (Luke x.)

I have already shown that the Church inherits from the apostles, and has exercised in every age the right of promulgating and expounding the divine law. Is the law written in the Sacred Scriptures? To the Church it belongs to declare its meaning, import, obligation, and mode of observance. Is it not contained in Scripture, but handed by the authorities of the Church in some other way? It is equally obligatory as if contained in Scripture, being equally taught and commanded by Christ, who did not say, "teach them to observe merely what shall be written in the New Testament;" but "teach them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." (Matt. xxviii.) Thus, the sanctification of the Sunday is as obligatory upon Christians as if contained in Scripture, and the mode of its sanctification prescribed by the authorities of the Church, as obligatory as the command itself.

It is evident from this statement, that no individual, whatever his rank; no nation, whatever its position, in short, no earthly power, can set aside the authorities appointed by Jesus Christ for the government of his Church, or substitute others in their place. Jesus Christ himself is the supreme though invisible Sovereign of his spiritual kingdom,—as such, he possesses the undoubted right to delegate to whom he pleases his inherent powers. It is a criminal usurpation of the divine sovereignty, and high treason against God, to assume the government of his people or the exposition of his law, without express authority from him. This is the crime of which Core, Dathan, and Abiron were guilty in the old law, and for which they were instantly destroyed, as recorded in the book of Numbers. The same is the crime of those who, rejecting the authority of the Church, fall into schism, or denying her doctrines, incur the guilt of heresy, thus making new sects, dragging the ignorant and unstable into rebellion against the delegates of God and consequently against God himself. Hence is clearly seen the fallacy of the reasoning so common in this country: "It matters little to what religion we belong, provided our moral conduct be good;"—for we have seen that it is not moral conduct alone which God requires of Christians, but the observance of "all things whatsoever he has commanded." It is equally fallacious to allege that the differences in religious belief amongst different sects are not fundamental. For if any doctrine be held which the Church of Christ condemns, the teaching authority is in fact denied, and the guilt of heresy incurred by those who obstinately hold it; and, if the doctrine be true, but held in wilful separation from the true Church, there is the guilt of schism, which is rebellion against God. What would be said of the soldier who should desert the ranks of his lawful sovereign and join the forces of his enemy, on the plea that the dress of both armies was the same, and the military regulations similar? The Church is the ark, says an ancient father; he who is not in the ark, must perish in the flood. "If a man could have been saved who was not in the ark; so can a man be saved who is not in the Church."—(*St. Cyprian de Unitate Ecclesiæ.*)

But it is alleged that belief is not an act of the will alone, but also of the understanding, and that if the understanding is not convinced, belief is impossible. Yet our Blessed Saviour declares, "that he who believeth not shall be condemned." (Mark xvi, 16.) Does he then command impossibilities? By no means; but he requires sincerity, he requires exertion, he requires ardor in the cause of salvation. If our natural powers be insufficient, he bids us pray, and promises to strengthen them by his grace. You say, Christian brother, that you *cannot* believe. Yet the vast majority of the Christian world believes. Is there something peculiar in the structure of your mind, that you should not be able to believe what is believed by others? Is your understanding weaker, or is it more powerful than that of all others who believe? The former I am sure you will not admit, and you would hardly have the presumption to assert the latter. The fact is, the argument you use is one of many, which those who think lightly of religion assume without much reflection, and hold because they have no great anxiety to be undeceived. If they were as anxious as they ought to be to know the truth, they would see the reasonableness of believing whatever God has revealed, upon the testimony of an authority which he has commanded them to hear, and with which he has promised to remain. They would feel that they could believe without violating their intellectual independence, nay, that they could not disbelieve without abusing its privileges. If, from the frailty of their nature they felt a difficulty, they would say with the anxious father in the Gospel, "I believe, Lord, help my unbelief." (Mark ix.)

In this country where much is known of the ancient religions of Greece and Rome, as well as of every form of modern paganism, and little of the religion of the Catholic Church, it is too often taken for granted that the latter resembles the former, in requiring from its followers the belief of gross absurdities, revolting to common sense

and repugnant to reason. Vast numbers, even of the well informed, are firmly convinced that the Catholic religion is a grovelling superstition, which debases the faculties of its followers, and that it is utterly beneath the slightest investigation. The clergy, even of the established Church, (who, being in general well educated men, ought to know better), spare no pains to convince the people that such is actually the case, and, for this purpose are forever misstating or caricaturing the doctrines of the Catholic Church. To compare the latter with the absurd systems of paganism is their favorite theme. To turn into ridicule some mystery, perhaps that of the blessed eucharist, and then infer the superstition and folly of those who believe it, is their daily occupation. The pulpits resound, the press teems with these favorite topics. By degrees the public acquires a conviction that what so many respectable witnesses attest must be true. Yet nothing can be more false.

Reason being given us by God as the guide of our conduct, cannot, if faithfully followed, lead us astray. It is, however, a limited faculty, and is every moment obliged to acknowledge its inability to explain the phenomena which even the external world presents. How the seed of the plant preserves its vitality for years, and when cast into the ground becomes an herb, a stem, a flower, a fruit; all this reason can attest, because it is visible to the eye, but explain it she cannot, any more than she can explain the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity or the eucharist. In all such cases where the powers of reason are insufficient, all she can do is to examine the evidence on which the fact is founded, and according to that evidence, pronounce whether we are to believe it or not. If in natural things the intuitive or moral evidence is conclusive for the fact, she requires us to believe what she cannot herself comprehend. If, in the supernatural order of things, the divine revelation is clear, reason, in like manner, declares that we shall sin against her, if we do not believe the fully-attested, but wholly incomprehensible mystery.

It is evident that a religion which professes to have no mysteries above the comprehension of human reason, cannot be true Christianity, which is founded upon incomprehensible mysteries, the incarnation of the divine Word, the atonement of a crucified God and the Trinity of Persons in one divine nature. But it is equally clear that a religion which should require us to believe incomprehensible mysteries, without sufficient evidence, would be founded on false principles, and must therefore be a false religion. Only that Christianity can be true, which, whilst it requires the belief of mysteries above human comprehension, never does so but when reason itself attests the necessity of such belief. Now, the Catholic religion is the only one which answers to this description. In every other system you meet with inconsistencies or contradictions which reason condemns. Take as an example the Church of England, which professes to be the most rational of all the reformed sects. On what principle was it originally founded? Either on the principle of authority or of private interpretation of Scripture. If, when the Church of England sat in judgment upon the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and pronounced them erroneous, she acted on the principle of authority, that is, of a divine commission to teach and be obeyed, then must the parent Church have previously possessed the same authority; and, consequently, the decision of the English Church was an act of schism, its assumption of authority a groundless usurpation, and its profession of doctrines condemned by the mother Church a formal heresy. If, on the other hand, the Church of England professes to have founded her doctrines on the private interpretation of Scripture, the same privilege belongs to all her children, and the numerous sects which daily separate from her, have as solid a foundation as her own. In this case she must renounce her claim to authority, cease to put forward her boasted apostolical commission, and take her station amongst the host of self-constituted sects.

In the Catholic Church, on the contrary, every thing is consistent. The direct succession of its bishops from the apostles is undisputed matter of history. That the

apostles received authority from Christ to teach and to govern his universal flock, and exercised the same, is clearly asserted in Scripture; and that they transmitted the same to their successors is demonstrated by unquestionable historical evidence. That the undisputed successors of the apostles have continued to exercise this same authority, through every age, till the council of Trent, in the sixteenth century, and to the present day, has been demonstrated on a previous occasion. All this is plain matter of fact, in the examination and decision of which reason has full sway. She settles this as she might any other historical question, and the vast majority of the Christian world attests that her decision is right. But the moment the teaching authority of the Catholic Church is established, all her doctrines are based upon an immovable foundation. Christ has spoken through his Church. "He is the way, the truth, and the life." Our belief is no longer grounded on human opinion, but on the infallible word of God. The apostles heard the divine Teacher himself, and believed; we hear the same divine Teacher through the successors of the apostles, and we also believe. Our faith rests on his infallible word, delivered to us by those to whom he commanded us to give the same credit as to himself. "He that hears you, hears me, and he that despises you, despises me." (Luke x.) Do the senses seem to bear testimony against any Catholic doctrine, for instance, the real presence of Christ in the eucharist? But the senses may be deceived, or at least the judgment may be deceived in trusting to the evidence of the senses. The senses testified to every ordinary spectator that the Infant lying in the stable of Bethlehem was merely a helpless and destitute child of Adam; to the shepherds and magi, who were better informed, faith testified, in despite of the senses, that the helpless Infant was also the omnipotent Creator of the world. In like manner, to the uninstructed beholder, the bread and wine after consecration, have undergone no change by virtue of the Redeemer's words, but to the instructed and believing Christian, the same external appearances conceal another substance,—and the God-man is seen by the eye of faith, though concealed from the eye of the flesh. Distrusting the senses here, as he did at Bethlehem, the Catholic believes, and reason approves his believing, upon the testimony of the teaching authority, that the God-man is really and truly present, though in an unusual form, assumed for purposes which require such concealment. Compelled by the authority which reason and revelation establish, he adds to the evidence of the senses, the testimony of faith, and says with St. Peter, "Lord, . . . thou hast the words of eternal life." (John vi.)

Hitherto we have shown the exact agreement between the Catholic Church and a kingdom in general. We have seen that it has ever possessed its visible sovereign, its magistrate, its legislature, its laws, and its legitimate promulgators, expositors, and executors of the laws.

But there are certain peculiarities belonging to the kingdom of Jesus Christ, the whole of which never were nor could be centred in any earthly empire. The first of these is *Universality*. We have seen how the prophets and evangelists assert this characteristic as belonging to the Church of Christ, in the same manner as it had belonged to the four great empires of antiquity. Reason shows that such ought to be the case; seeing that the Messiah came to redeem, not this or that particular country, but the world at large. This being the fact, we may safely conclude that a Church which is merely national, or confined to a limited space, is not the Church of Jesus Christ, and that if, on the other hand, there be one universal Church, and only one, this must be that Church, if such an institution exists.

There is another characteristic of the true Church strongly marked in the Sacred Scriptures, which in earthly empires, seldom accompanies universality; I mean *Unity*, with its usual attendant, *Peace*. The prophet Isaiah denominates its divine ruler emphatically, "*the Prince of Peace;*" and adds, "His empire shall be multiplied, and there shall be no end of peace." (Isaiah ix, 6, 7.) "In his days," says the psalmist,

"shall justice spring up, and abundance of peace, till the moon be taken away." (Ps. lxxi.)

Hence, when the angels announced the birth of Christ, they announced it as an event which should "bring glory to God and peace to men." Now, where there is not unity there cannot be peace. "Every kingdom divided against itself shall be brought to desolation," says Jesus Christ. He, therefore, wisely secured unity to his Church, by endowing his apostles with the spirit of truth, and commanding all men to hear them. At the same time he offered up such fervent prayers to procure for them the blessing of unity, that we might suppose he considered it the most valuable and the most essential of all heavenly gifts. "Holy Father, keep them in thy name, whom thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we also are; and not for them only do I pray, but for those also who through their word shall believe in me, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me; and the glory which thou gavest me, I have given to them, that they may be one, as we also are one." (John xvii.) From these words it is clear that our Saviour intended the unity of his Church to be so striking as to become a proof of its truth, "that the world may believe that thou hast sent me," and that this union should be of so strict a nature as to resemble that ineffable union which subsists between the divine Persons in the Godhead. Hence, the figure of St. Paul, comparing the Church of Christ to a human body, cannot be considered as conveying an exaggerated idea of Christian unity,—"We being one body in Christ, and every one members of another." (Rom. xii.) "There is one body, and one spirit, as you are called in one hope of your calling, one Lord, one faith, one baptism." (Ephes. iv.)

These last words are particularly striking, as describing the points in which the unity of the Christian Church must be exemplified—"*one Lord*," by which is indicated unity of government,—"*one Faith*," which implies unity of belief,—and "*one Baptism*," which implies unity of worship.

We may, therefore, fairly conclude, that if in any society, claiming to be the religion of Christ, there is not unity of government, unity of faith, and unity of worship, it cannot be the Church of Christ. On the other hand, if we find that, in any such society, there exists this threefold unity, particularly if the same is conjoined with universality, and this again with perpetuity, we may be morally, nay, more than morally sure that the finger of God is there; for in human institutions, universality, unity and perpetuity, never did nor ever can go together.

Another characteristic of the Church of Christ is *Apostolicity*, or in other words, descent from the apostles. For as Christ, on leaving the world, gave his power to them, and commissioned them to establish his religion in all nations, promising to remain with them for ever, it is clear that there can be no true Christianity which does not come down from the apostles. Unless, therefore, any sect of Christians can trace its origin to the apostles, it cannot be the Church of Christ; as, on the other hand, if there is a religion, and only one, which can trace its origin to the apostles, that one must be the Church of Christ, if such an institution any where exists.

Lastly, *Permanency* is a characteristic of the true Church, clearly promised in these and many other similar words,—"Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." (Matt. xxviii.)

Now, every one of these characteristics is found in the Catholic Church and in no other. It is universal. In numbers it immensely exceeds any other single sect, and, indeed, all Christian sects put together. Those numbers are variously reported—many Catholic writers having computed the numbers of the Catholic Church at more than two hundred millions, and the generality of Protestants at not less than one hundred and fifty millions. The most numerous by far of the sects which are separated from the Catholic communion are the Greek schismatics; but their numbers bear no comparison with those of the parent Church, and they are confined to the limited locality where they first arose. It is useless to speak of the Church of Eng-

land. Though she is anxious to be *called* Catholic, she never pretends that she is universal. She is a purely national establishment, confined to the limits of the British dominions, and even there forming a small minority amongst the multitude of dissenting sects and the overwhelming numbers of the Catholic Church.

As to unity of faith, she has never known what it is, and her condition becomes every day more desperate. Every one knows that there are within her pale, dignitaries holding doctrines the most opposite and contradictory, on points immediately connected with practical duty and the terms of acceptance with God. All is confusion, contest, and crimination. Whilst one calm, reflecting, and learned portion of her divines, is engaged in the laudable and not altogether unsuccessful effort to bring back her erring children to the leading doctrines of the parent Church, another portion, wild, furious and fanatical, is throwing her articles overboard, denying the efficacy of her sacraments, or administering them wholesale, clamoring for the alteration of her liturgy, and the abolition of her creeds, and stigmatizing those of their own party who differ from them as papists or infidels.

It is seldom that division has arrived at such an extreme in any single sect without immediate dissolution following; but the Church of England is wealthy, and gold can bind together the most heterogeneous substances. Nor is this want of unity peculiar to the Church of England. The difference between her and all other sects is merely as to the mode and manner of disunion. Disunion is the character of them all; for the principle on which they are founded, that of private interpretation of Scripture, is a principle which essentially leads to disunion, and cannot possibly coexist with unity.

In government and worship these different sects agree as little as they do in faith. To call them a kingdom would be absurd. If they resemble any thing in the shape of a government, it is a multitude of independent republics, in which popular clamor, conflicting parties and systematic opposition, are the uniting principles. Take a survey of the whole collection of sects, who have forsaken the unity of the Catholic Church, from the days of the apostles. It is ever the same. No extravagance, no impiety of doctrine, no diversity of government, no phantasy of worship that has not prevailed amongst them. Were it possible to assemble them altogether into one place, the confusion would be indescribable. Not a doctrine held by any of them which would not be condemned by their motley associates! scarce a single doctrine of the Catholic Church, which, if put to vote, would not be approved by a large majority! So that every impartial spectator must say of such an assembly, "Out of thy own mouth I judge thee."

How different is the state of the Catholic Church. Her empire extends to the remotest regions of the habitable globe. Her subjects are the various-colored inhabitants of the four continents who differ from each other in dispositions, habits, interests, civilization; whose mental culture is of every grade, from the profound scholar to the unlettered peasant; whose secular rulers are of every rank, from the stately European emperor, to the wandering Indian chief. Yet in religion all believe the same doctrines, all adore at the same altars, all obey the same authority. In religion all are brothers, all fellow-countrymen, all pursuing the same bright hopes, through the same narrow but well beaten path. The high have no advantage over the lowly, the rich over the poor, the learned over the ignorant; for all are members of the same body, each filling his respective office in obedience to the same head. To believe what God has taught, to worship as God has prescribed, to hear the teachers he has appointed, to obey the authorities he has placed over us, are the plain and simple duties of the Catholic, whether he wear the monarch's crown, the philosopher's robe, or the peasant's humble garb. In all this, I grant you, there is no room for the pride of station or intellect. No one can say in religion, "I will be subject to no authority; I am wiser than all the world; my own judgment alone shall be my guide." On the other hand, if submission be demanded of

one, it is demanded of all. In matters of belief, the visible ruler of the Catholic Church is as dependent as the humblest of his subjects. Should he attempt to teach or hold a single doctrine contrary to the faith of the Church (an event wholly out of the question), he would at once fall from his dignity, and incur the same anathema as any private individual. For the office of the rulers of the Church is to guard the sacred deposit from error. Their commission extends not to the alteration of a single tittle of the revealed law. How faithfully they have fulfilled this commission is attested by the fact, that whereas they have met together in general council, from every part of Christendom, eighteen times during as many centuries, their faith was ever found to be uniform on every point; so that they condemned, with one voice, the novelties which from time to time were attempted to be introduced.

That the Catholic Church descends in direct and unbroken succession from the apostles, and is, therefore, apostolical, is not disputed; that she has so far been permanent, having never ceased to exist, is equally manifest. Whether she will continue to exist till the end of the world, time only can disclose; but as the promises of Christ are express that he will remain with his Church, "all days even to the consummation of the world," and as there is no other Church but the Catholic, in which, combining the past with the future, this promise can be fulfilled, we cannot doubt that she will continue to enjoy his divine protection for the future as she has done for the past. Indeed her present state promises well for the future; for never did she enjoy in greater vigor, the strength and comeliness of youth. No symptoms of infirmity or decay impair her force or tarnish her beauty. An increasing offspring of converted nations and continents, prove that she is still the Spouse of Christ. In the meantime, her disobedient children, who, three centuries ago, revolted against her parental authority, proclaiming to the world that she had been divorced for her infidelities, and that they had succeeded to her honors, have remained in their native barrenness, and, though youthful in years, exhibit the wrinkles and decrepitude of age.

Will it be said that the Church of England has lately, by asserting her apostolicity, established her claim to be *a branch* of the true Church of Christ. But where are the other branches? Does she consider the English dissenters as another branch? No; she rejects their fellowship on the ground that they have not the apostolical succession. Then where are the other branches? for there is not an apostolical Church in the world which will hold communion with the Church of England. The Greek schismatical Church spurns her; the Nestorian and Eutychian sects abhor her, the Catholic Church anathematizes her. In vain, then, does she boast her apostolical descent. Even if she could prove it, which she cannot, the consecration of her first bishops being generally considered invalid, it could avail her nothing, since apostolicity, though *one* of the essential characteristics of the true Church, is not the only one. Whole national communities, with an episcopacy indisputably apostolical, fell into the Arian heresy. Will the Church of England say that they formed a *branch* of the true Church, because they were apostolical?

But a convocation of the Church of England sat in judgment on the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and pronounced them erroneous. Be it so; but at the same time a general council of the universal Church sat in judgment on the doctrines of the Church of England, and pronounced them heretical. Can both of these conflicting authorities be the Church of Christ? If not, which has the best claim to be considered such? One possesses all the characteristics of that Church—universality, unity, perpetuity, apostolicity. The other possesses only the latter, and that upon a dubious title.

One received from the apostles, and had exercised for fifteen centuries, the authority to "teach all nations;" the other, revolting against this authority, proclaimed her independence, and insisted upon becoming her own instructer. She was accordingly judged by the parent Church, condemned, anathe-

matized, and disowned. What avails it to call herself a branch of that Church, when she is severed from the parent stock? What avails it to assert that her doctrines are true, when the only legitimate authority on earth has pronounced them false? And who will obey her authority which is founded on disobedience and usurpation? It is true the evangelical tree has many branches, but these are all connected together in the same common stem, from which they all receive their vitality and growth. Under the shade of this gigantic tree, all the nations of the earth repose. If a moral storm now and then tear from it some fair branch, the latter fades and dies, but the tree itself, rooted in the divine promises, and watered by the dews of heaven, flourishes still.

Behold, my Christian brethren, the characteristic marks of the true Church. It is the empire of the Messiah, his universal, united, permanent empire. There is none other such in the world. What further proof do you require of its truth? Will you say, I must examine its doctrines in detail, and see how they agree with my Bible? An arduous task indeed! And why impose it on yourself in religion, when you would see the folly of doing so in the ordinary concerns of life? You are sending a friend to London to consult the first legal authority of the day. No man of all the bench is so infallible an oracle as he. What directions do you give your friend to find him? Do you put into his hands some compilation of our civil code, and say to him, "Study this well; get to understand it all thoroughly, and when you arrive in town, examine all the lawyers, one by one, to see whose opinions agree best with your book?" No; you would consider such a course absolute insanity. You give the lawyer's name and address. This is all you give, and all your friend requires. Again: if some stranger were about to visit Bath, for the sake of seeing its venerable abbey church, would you send a book containing a minute description of all its sepulchral monuments—(alas! they are the only monuments it now contains; for its altars are thrown down, its saints have forsaken their niches, and the glowing inhabitants of heaven, who formerly looked through its windows, have all been scared away);—would you, I say, give your friend such a book, and tell him when he arrives in Bath, to go to all the churches and compare their monuments with his catalogue? No; you would tell him, "The abbey church is the ancient church built by our Catholic ancestors, and towering above every edifice around it, like a cedar amongst the brambles." This is all you would tell him, and it would be enough. He would know the object of his search before he had descended the surrounding hills. So does the wisdom of God act with all who seek his Church. He puts a creed into their hands which all learn; and he tells them in that creed, that his Church is the "*One, the Holy, the Catholic and Apostolic Church.*" There is not, there never was, more than one such Church. It is visible to every eye. It looks down on every other edifice in the city of this world. Its antiquity, grandeur and majesty, exeite your admiration. Enter it, and you will be still more impressed. No partitions of wood and plaster divide it into separate and hostile conventicles. The beauty of unity and holiness dwells there. Its walls record the names of thousands of the faithful followers of Christ, from the apostles of the Lamb to the last of the sainted throng. The ambitious monarch, the ensanguined warrior, the eloquent orator, the enlightened statesman, find no niche there; but the heroes who shed their blood for Jesus Christ, who carried his Gospel to pagan nations, who sold themselves to redeem the captive, who gave up their possessions to relieve the poor, who renounced earthly pleasures to follow more freely the footsteps of their suffering Lord,—these are honored in his temple as his faithful servants. But God himself is the sole object of supreme adoration; for he alone is God. To him alone the altar rises and sacrifice is offered. A splendid priesthood throngs that altar, such as he himself instituted in the old law; a thousand lights blaze around in token of holy joy; clouds of incense perfume the sacred atmosphere, the sounds of heavenly music re-echo the divine praises, whilst millions of adorers, of every people, and tribe,

and tongue, crowd around, mixed with the invisible hosts of heaven. There, in some silent recess, the humble penitent pours forth the sorrows of his heart to the minister of God, who looses him from the bonds of his iniquities and bids him depart in peace. There the hungry soul is refreshed with a food more precious by far than the manna in the desert. There, surrounded by the emblems of sorrow, the afflicted offer the commemorative sacrifice for some departed object of their affections, in the consoling hope that if any human frailties remain to be expiated by him, his sufferings may be shortened, and his glory accelerated.

DREAMLAND.

A LAY, a lay, good Christians!
I have a tale to tell,
Though I have ne'er a palmer's staff,
Nor hat with scallop-shell:
And though I never went astray,
From this mine own countree,
I'll tell what never pilgrim told
That ever rode the sea.

A lay, a lay, good Christians!
My boyish harp is fain
To chaunt our mother's loveliness,
In an eternal strain;
And true it is I never strayed
Beyond her careful hand,
And yet my lay, good Christians,
Is of a holy land.

In Dreamland once I saw a church;
Amid the trees it stood;
And reared its little steeple cross
Above the sweet greenwood:
And then I heard a Dreamland chime,
Peal out from Dreamland tower,
And saw how Dreamland Christian-folk
Can keep the matin hour.

And Dreamland church was decent all,
And green the churchyard round;
The Dreamland sextons never keep
Their kine in holy ground:
And not the tinkling cow-bell there
The poet's walk becalms;
But where the dead in Christ repose,
The bells ring holy psalms.

And Dreamland folk do love their dead,
For every mound I saw,
Had flowers, and wreaths, and garlands, such
As painters love to draw!

I asked what seeds made such fair buds,
And—scarce I trust my ears,
The Dreamland folk averred such things
Do only grow from—tears.

And while I hung the graves around,
I heard the organ pour:
I was the only Christian man
Without that sacred door!
A week-day morn—but church was full;
And full the chaunting choir,
For Dreamland music is for God,
And not for man and—hire.

I saw the Dreamland minister
In snowy vestments pray:
He seemed to think 'twas natural
That prayer should ope the day:
And Dreamland folk responded loud
To blessings in God's name,
And in the praises of the Lord,
They had no sense of shame!

And Dreamland folk, they kneel them down
Right on the stony floor;
I saw they were uncivilized,
Nor knew how we adore:
And yet I taught them not, I own,
Our native curve refined,
For well I knew the picturesque
Scarce suits the savage mind.

And Dreamland folks do lowly bow
To own that Christ is God:
And I confess I taught them not
The fashionable nod:
And Dreamland folks sing GLORIA
At every anthem's close,
But have not learned its value yet
To stir them from a doze.

I saw a Dreamland babe baptized
With all the church to see,
And strange as 'twas—the blessed sight—
'Twas beautiful to me!
For many a voice cried loud, Amen,
When o'er its streaming brow,
The pearly cross was charactered,
To seal its Christian vow.

I learned that Dreamland children all,
As bowing sponsors swear,
To bishop's hands are duly brought,
To eucharist and prayer:
And Dreamland maids wear snow white veils
At confirmation hour:
For such—an old apostle wrote,
Should clothe their heads with power.

The Dreamland folk they wed in church;
They deem the Lord is there,
And as of old, in Galilee,
May bless a bridal pair:
And strange enough, the simple ones,
They see in wedded love,
Sweet emblems of their Mother Church
And Christ her Lord above.

I saw a Dreamland funeral
Come up the shadowed way:
The Dreamland priest was surplice clad
To meet the sad array.
And when his little flock drew nigh,
To give the dust their dead,
His voice went soothingly before,
As if a shepherd led.

In earth they laid the Dreamland man;
And then a chant was given,
So sweet that I could well believe,
I heard a voice from heaven:
And singing children o'er the grave
Like cherub chanters stood,
Pouring their angel lullabies,
To make its slumber good.

The Dreamland folk count seasons four
All woven into one!
'Tis Advent, Lent, or Easter-time,
Or Trinity begun:
The first is green as emerolde,
The next of cypress hue,
The third is glorious all as gold,
The fourth is sapphire-blue.

The Dreamland folk are simple ones!
Who knows but these are they
Described in ancient chronicle,
As children of the Day!
They seemed no denizens of earth,
But more—a pilgrim band,
With no abiding city here,
Who seek a better land.

So ends my lay, good Christians,
And ye that gave me ear,
Confess that 'twas of holy land,
I beckoned ye to hear:
Christ bring us all, who bear his cross,
Unto his own countree!
And so no more good Christians,
Of Dreamland, or of me.

Translated for the U. S. Catholic Magazine.

HISTORY OF THE PAPACY.

Continued from page 367.

ST. URBAN I, a Roman, was elected on the 21st of October, 224. He had occupied a rank near the Pope's person engaged in the ministry of the Church, which he governed eight years, seven months and four days. Urban authorised the use of silver vases for the service of the altar; it is also said that he accepted lands which were offered him by the Christians, and that he appropriated them to the service of ecclesiastics. This is supposed to be the origin of the temporalities of the clergy, so necessary to insure them an independent support, and to supply them with the means of exercising their charity. The zealous pontiff, emboldened by the good dispositions of Alexander, sought to make converts in the imperial court. But he was persecuted by the prefect of Rome, who insisted that Urban should sacrifice to idols; upon his refusal to do so, the prefect sent him into prison, and he was beheaded the 25th of May, 231.

The reign of St. Pontian, a Roman, who was elected about the end of the month of June, was not a prosperous one; for the Emperor Alexander, on a false accusation, exiled him to the island of Sardinia. Before his departure, Pontian wished to abdicate that a successor might be immediately elected, but he had inspired so much respect and attachment that the faithful were unwilling to proceed to another election before his death, which happened on the 19th of November, 235, after four years and nearly five months' reign. Maximin excited the sixth persecution against the Christians, through hatred of Alexander, his predecessor, who had favored them. Pontian during this persecution was severely scourged, though not to such a degree as to deprive him of life. Yet he was not the less a martyr for the faith, dying in misery and abandonment in the country of his exile. His body was removed to the cemetery of Calixtus at Rome, and it is commonly believed that the translation of his remains took place under the pontificate of St. Fabian.

St. Pontian was succeeded by St. Antherus, a Greek by birth, who governed the Church only one month and a day, having suffered martyrdom on the 5th of January, 236. He is regarded by some writers as the author of the Martyrology; it is certain that he occupied himself in collecting the acts of the martyrs, and placed them in the churches for preservation.

His successor, St. Fabian, a Roman, had a longer reign; it lasted five years and five days. According to Eusebius, the election of this pontiff was miraculous; the uncertainty in which the people and clergy were with regard to the choice of a Pope being suddenly dispelled by the presence of a dove, which alighted on Fabian's head, and thus inspired them with a great veneration for him. He justified the respect in which he was held by his zeal for the interests of religion. It is said that he built several churches in the cemeteries where the bodies of the martyrs reposed. He himself was destined to join their band, terminating his life on the 20th of January, 250, in the defence of the faith, at the commencement of the furious persecution excited by Decius, and which was the seventh under the emperors. This persecution, one of the most cruel that the Church had suffered, was a just punishment of the relaxation which had been introduced among the Christians during the short intervals of repose which were allowed them by the pagans. "Every one," says St. Cyprian, "labored to acquire worldly goods; and forgetful of the voluntary poverty which the Christians had practised in the time of the apostles, and of the disinterested conduct they ought always to pursue, they were insatiable in their desire of riches, and were wholly engrossed in their acquisition. Piety no longer reigned among the priests; fidelity and integrity seemed to be extinct among the ministers; charity was little discernible in the lives of Christians, and their morals were unrestrained by a proper discipline. Led away by vanity, the men combed their beard, and the women adorned their faces; violating the purity of the eye by sullying the work of God's hands, and that of the hair, by giving it an unnatural color.* They deceived the simple by their cunning and artifices, they surprised their brethren by infidelities and impostures. Members of Jesus Christ, they united themselves with pagans. They swore, not only without cause, but even perjured themselves. They contemned their prelates and defamed one another with envenomed tongues, and made war with a mortal hatred. They despised the simplicity which the faith requires of us, to seek all that could satisfy their vanity; they renounced the world with their lips only, and not by their actions, and each one loved himself so much that he was disregarded by all others." The persecution which was permitted as a punishment of this immorality, put to flight a great number of the faithful, and it was at that time, that St. Paul, having retired into Lower Thebais, gave rise to the eremitical life.† Many martyrs sealed their faith with their blood, but alas! many apostates betrayed it. It was principally for these that the different degrees of public penance were instituted.

The persecution of Decius was princi-

*What would St. Cyprian have said of the modern toilet and fashion?

† Histoire des ordres religieux, tom. i, *p.* 11.

pally directed against the bishops, particularly the bishop of Rome. Consequently after the death of Fabian a long vacancy occurred in the holy see. During this interval which lasted sixteen months, St. Cyprian and the clergy of Carthage wrote many letters to those of Rome, and they at length elected St. Cornelius, a Roman, son of Castin. Gallus having inherited the aversion which his predecessor Decius had cherished against the Christians, Cornelius sustained by his example and his exhortations the courage of those who were persecuted by that prince; he fortified the weak, and encouraged those to rise again who had had the misfortune to fall. He himself having generously confessed Jesus Christ, was exiled to Centumcelles, now Civita Vecchia; but some time after, Gallus recalled him to Rome, and commanded him to sacrifice to idols; Cornelius, having courageously refused, was beheaded the 19th of September, 253, after two years and five months' pontificate. A letter of St. Cyprian would permit us to suppose that he died at Centumcelles, but that he should nevertheless be regarded as a martyr; "because," says St. Cyprian, "should we not reckon among the most illustrious confessors and martyrs, him who was constantly exposed to the fury of the ministers of a barbarous tyrant, who was always in danger of being beheaded, burnt, crucified, of being put to the most cruel and unheard of tortures, who acted in defiance of the most fearful edicts, and who by the powerful influence of the faith, despised the punishments with which he was incessantly menaced? Although the goodness of God had preserved him from these sufferings, he gave sufficient proofs of his love and fidelity, by being always ready to suffer every variety of torment, and triumphing over the tyrant by his zeal."

The persecution of Gallus was not the only storm which the Church of Rome endured under the pontificate of Cornelius. Novatus, bishop of Africa, an immoral and irreligious man, excited a deplorable schism by the instrumentality of Novatian, a priest of the Roman Church, who, at the instigation of Novatus, abusing the reputation which he had acquired for eloquence and philosophy, greatly opposed the election of St. Cornelius, misled many of the faithful and many confessors by his calumnies, and even carried his hardihood so far as to cause himself to be ordained by three bishops, simple, ignorant and unknown, who imposed hands upon him at the conclusion of a great repast, at which he had made them eat and drink to excess. Such was the ordination of Novatian, author of the first schism in the Church, and the first antipope. He joined heresy to schism by denying the power of the Church to remit mortal sin committed after baptism; he also rejected second marriages, and treated as adulterous those widows who married again. He considered it unlawful for those who had renounced the faith during the persecution, to be admitted to penance when they requested it; a proof that innovators in order to give credit to their crimes, always assume a mask of severity which deceives their proselytes. This dangerous schism passed from Rome to Africa, and the east, where it existed a long time; there were Novatians in Egypt even in the seventh century. St. Cornelius and St. Cyprian his friend omitted nothing to extinguish this heresy in its infancy; notwithstanding their solicitude, the schism was propagated under the name of *Cathari*, that is, *pure* and *free* from error, a truly ridiculous denomination.

The calumnies which Novatian had invented against St. Cornelius, obliged St. Lucian I, a Roman, who succeeded him on the 20th of October, to ordain, by a decree, that a bishop should always be accompanied by two priests and three deacons who should bear witness to his life and morals in the Church. Lucian was at once Pope and confessor, for he was banished as soon as elected, on which occasion St. Cyprian wrote a letter on his promotion and exile; but this pontiff was very soon recalled. After five months' reign, he died a martyr, the 4th of March, 255. About this time, God revenged the innocent blood of his servants by a frightful pestilence which extended throughout the empire, and lasted at intervals for twelve years.

TO BE CONTINUED.

From the London Catholic Magazine.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

"Oh, Mary, conceived without sin, pray for me, who have recourse to thee."

NIGHT was fast closing on the town of Angers, as two of the Sisters of Charity rapidly threaded their way through its crowded streets. They were already close to their convent gate when the sound of lamentation attracted the well-accustomed ear of one of these gentle sisters: and turning round, she accosted a little girl who had followed them, weeping bitterly.

"My grandfather," sobbed the child, "he is dying, holy sisters. Mother is out, and there is no one near him."

The heart of the good sister melted at these words of wo, and she looked at her companion, who was the elder by some years.

"It is not far," said the little girl, in a pleading voice;—"and he is dying," she added, still addressing her whose soft voice and gentle mien had won her childish affections in a moment.

The good sisters had walked far that day—they had wandered alternately from the bed of sickness to the house of sorrow,—and they were returning home, wearied alike in body and mind;—but not for a moment did it occur to them to reject the prayer of the child, in whom they beheld but an image of their Saviour in distress.

"We will follow thee, my child," said the gentle nun. She took the little girl by the hand, and addressed a few questions to her; but the child sobbed so violently, that her answers were inaudible. She led them through a narrow street, and paused before an open door. It was evidently the abode of wretched poverty; but poverty in all its forms was too familiar to the Sisters to create any observation; and without a remark, they followed her up the narrow stairs, and into a room where a man was lying, evidently within a few hours of his decease. After a few minutes' consultation, the elder of the nuns proposed returning to the convent, to procure spiritual assistance for the unhappy man; and when she had departed on this mission, the other advanced to the bed on which he lay. At first he seemed unconscious of her presence; but when his eye fell upon her black dress, and the white cross she wore on her bosom, he exhibited the utmost loathing and abhorrence; and raising himself up in the bed by a wonderful effort of strength, he poured forth a torrent of abuse and blasphemy.

The good nun was grieved, but not surprised. Alas! it was but too often her lot to stand by the death bed of the despairing sinner. She remained for a time in silent prayer, but when, rather shrieking than speaking, he bade her "begone, and leave him to his master, the Devil," she fell upon her knees, and cried out in a voice of holy energy, which for a moment awed the sinner into silence, "Man, I will not begone, until you have ceased to blaspheme your God. Oh! creature of Christ Jesus crucified," she continued, in a voice so sweet and soft, it was music only to sit and hear it; and rising, she held up the crucifix before his eyes, "can you behold Him, as He thus hung upon the cross, his sacred body torn, his spirit wounded because of your transgressions; can you see Him thus, and still offend Him by the sin of despair?"

Even as the rod of Moses brought water from the living rock, so did the sight of that holy image soften the hardness of the sinner's heart. He sunk back upon his pillow, and gazed wistfully upon the crucifix; but then again he closed his eyes, and muttered between his teeth, "Judas, Judas."

"Judas," resumed the nun, "betrayed his Master; yet had he repented, he had

even then found mercy. It was the sin of despair which made it better for him that he had never been born. One there was," she added, and her voice grew softer and sweeter as if the deep love in her soul had found a voice and spoken, "one there was who anointed his feet at the pharisee's supper, who followed him step by step on his way to Mount Calvary, who knelt at the foot of his cross, during the three long hours of his agony, who shared the favor of his last looks on earth with his sinless mother and his virgin disciple. Magdalen was her name. She had betrayed her Master many times; but many sins were forgiven her, because she loved much."

There was silence in the room broken only by the sinner's sobs. Sister Agnes placed the crucifix on his bosom. "Wear it round your neck and in your heart," she said, "and take also the image of Mary." She placed a medal in his hands. "She is the refuge and hope of sinners: entreat her to pray for you, and think not that Jesus will be deaf to his Mother's voice, when she asks Him to pardon the creature for whom He once deigned to die."

The priest who had been sent for from the convent, now entered the room. Agnes was preparing to depart, when the door once more opened, and a young woman entered, who, on beholding the sacred character of those surrounding the sick man, paused in a mixture of shame and fear. She was young, but the freshness of youth was no longer on her cheek. She had been handsome, and the sad remains of beauty yet lingered round her face and form. Her countenance might once have been full of innocent goodness; for even now it was not an expression of boldness, but of most reckless despair which betrayed the degraded sinfulness of the poor outcast's life. The sick man saw her, and the keenest remorse was on his face as he said:

"Stay, holy sister! and reverend father, say what hope of pardon can you give the wretch who sold his child to a life of crime?"

An unearthly shriek interrupted his words. The girl had remained standing in the middle of the room; but on hearing these words she advanced rapidly to the bed, and falling on her knees, she exclaimed wildly:

"Father!—father, do not say so! Oh! anything but that. Do not say that you bartered me for gold!"

The man wept aloud.

"Do not curse me, child! Do not curse me before I die."

"I will not, father. I will not. Oh! why did you not let me be a nun, like my sister? What had I done, that you should use me thus?"

"Spouse of Christ," said the sick man, turning solemnly towards Agnes, "the sins of this unhappy child are upon my soul as my own. By the mercy for which you have taught me to hope, save her from the guilt into which I alone have plunged her."

The nun was weeping bitterly. A light had broken on her soul.

"Father," she whispered, "do you not know your child?"

The man gazed earnestly upon her; sickness had dimmed his eyes; but at last he recognized his child, and fell back fainting on his pillow. With some difficulty he was restored, and then pressing gently the hand of Agnes, he pointed to his youngest daughter, who still remained kneeling with her face buried in her hands, and whispered,

"Be a mother to poor Isabel."

Agnes bowed her head, and taking her sister's arm, she led her from the room. The priest closed the door after them, and then Agnes folded her sister in her arms. The poor girl neither returned nor rejected these caresses. She did not sob or scream: but the tears fell in torrents from her eyes, and she looked the very picture of shame and sorrow. Then struck by another impulse, she fell upon her knees, as if wholly unworthy to stand in the presence of one so pure as her sister.

"Oh, sister, sister!" cried Agnes, "treat me not thus. Look not as if you had forgotten me—your own sister—your own Agnes."

The mighty affliction of the poor sinner's soul found voice at last, and falling on her sister's breast, she cried out aloud,—

"Sister, I am a sinner!"

"And so was Magdalen—and so are we

all!" cried Agnes, her tears falling abundantly on her sister's head. "Oh, sister! let us kneel together, and say once more the prayers that we said in the days of our childhood. We were children then!—we are children still! We will tell our heavenly Father that we are sorry for our sins, and He will not refuse us his pardon and his love."

Twined in each other's arms, they knelt together, and Agnes prayed aloud. It was years since Isabel had heard that voice, the very tones of which were full of piety and love; it was years since a thought of grace, a hope of pardon had entered her soul, and now, with the prayer of her innocent childhood ringing in her ears, and the repentant love of a Magdalen burning in her bosom, full of fear for the future and remorse for the past, she clasped her sister more tightly in her arms, and sobbed aloud.

"Leave me not, sister,—desert me not! Oh, save me from this life of sin, and the God of the sinner and the saint reward you for the deed!"

Agnes folded her sister in her arms.

"My sister, I will never forsake you, until I see you restored to God and his holy Church! I leave you no more!"

The priest now recalled them to their father's chamber, he was about to administer the last awful rights of religion to him. Marie assisted in lighting the candles which her religious sister had now brought from the convent; but Isabel fell prostrate on the floor. How could she venture to look upon the Holy of Holies?—she, whose life had been full of sin! The priest recited a short prayer aloud, and then, with a heart full of contrition and joy, the dying man received from his hands the awful sacrament of the body and blood of his Saviour and his Judge. Afterwards the priest anointed him with holy oil upon the eyes, mouth, &c. praying aloud that the sins he had committed through each of the senses might be forgiven in virtue of the sacrament of extreme unction. The poor penitent wept with joy through the whole of this most consoling rite, and answered every prayer in a voice tremulous and broken by emotion. The lights were extinguished, but still the priest remained by the bed of death, and prayed audibly for mercy and grace towards the departing soul. He ceased, and at a sign from her father, Agnes raised her sister, and led her towards his bed. The dying man raised himself up with difficulty, and extending his hand towards them, he said:

"My children, whom I have wronged, before God and his saints, I entreat your pardon."

The words were apparently intended for both, but Isabel felt them to be addressed in a peculiar manner to the injured innocence of her own soul, and bending over his withered hand, she murmured softly,—

"God bless you, father."

"Thank you, my child. I die content."

A smile was upon his lips as he sank back upon his pillow. Then turning towards Agnes, he whispered,—

"Remember this unhappy child."

He closed his eyes, and a shadow, as of death, fell upon his face. The priest saw that the hour was come, and rising up he read that awful recommendation of the departing soul to the mercy of its Creator, beginning, "Depart, Christian soul," &c. Ere his voice had ceased, the man was dead; and kneeling down he cried out aloud, "'From the depths I have cried to thee, O Lord! Lord, hear my voice," &c. And thus, in prayer and supplication, he passed the night by the corpse of the repentant sinner.

The sisters stood beside the grave of their father,—Agnes in the garb of religion, Isabel in the mourning of the world.

"And here we part, my sister," said Agnes. "We part, but it is to meet again. On earth in spirit at the foot of the cross. In heaven, I trust, on the bosom of our Saviour."

Even as she spoke the priest who had attended at her father's death-bed came and took Isabel by the hand.

"My child," he said, in a kind but solemn voice, "am I indeed to understand that you have determined to forsake your evil ways, and to repent of your sins?"

Isabel fell upon her knees.

"With all my heart and with all my soul I do repent of them, father! Would to God that all those whom I have scandalized

by my life could be witnesses now of my shame and sorrow!"

"I believe you, my child!" The good father hesitated for a moment. I have spoken to the superior of the 'Bon Pasteur,' and she will gladly receive you. You are now, for a time, at least, about to retire from the world, and in prayer and supplication to ask pardon for your sins. But there is *one* who has a claim upon you. You may see her once more before you depart."

The unhappy girl covered her face with her hands, and her whole frame shook with her violent emotion. It was but for a moment; then removing her hands, every trace of emotion vanished from her calm, pale face. She said, in a tone of quiet resignation,—

"No, my father, the child of sin shall never again bring gladness to the eyes of her mother. I shall see her no more. I commit her to God and Agnes."

"She shall be cared for," said Agnes, in a solemn voice.

The sisters embraced once more; then Isabel drew her veil tightly over her face, and followed the priest.

There is a convent at Angers, and the holy sisters who are professed within its walls have devoted themselves to the noblest work of which the human soul is capable—to the protection and reclaiming of the forsaken sinner. Others have devoted themselves to the preservation and instruction of innocence, which naturally awakens pity and love in the human heart; but these noble beings have given their lives, their fortunes, their talents, their very souls, to the reformation of those whom the world indeed has rejected with scorn, but whom Christ once suffered, in the person of Magdalen, to sit at his feet. He who reads all the secrets of the human heart can alone understand the merit of these holy sisters, who, with their pure hearts and spotless reputations have devoted their lives to continual contact with coarse ignorance and vulgar crime. He alone can appreciate their sacrifice and reward it, and truly He does reward it, even with the hundred-fold He has promised to his servants on earth.

Yes! the sister of the "Good Shepherd" lies down at night upon her humble pallet, the prayers and blessings of the rescued sinner falling like softest dew upon her heart. She rises in the morning to teach those to pray who never prayed before, to engrave the sweet lessons of love and hope upon hearts that but for her had grown hard beneath the influence of crime, desperate beneath the scorn of that world which had lured them to error. The consciousness of many souls rescued through her means from a life of crime, is a charm to make the rough path she has chosen pleasant to her feet; and, at the hour of her death, who shall say these grateful spirits may not surround her bed, like ministering angels, bidding her soul go forth without fear to meet that Judge, whose sorrows she had so often soothed in the sorrows of his poor, whose heaven she had so often made glad, with the joy that angels feel over one sinner doing penance. It was to this blessed retreat from sin and sorrow that the good priest brought Isabel; and as the gates of the convent closed upon her, she felt she had no wish upon earth but to spend the rest of her life in bewailing her sins at the foot of the cross.

Years passed away and the sisters had not met. The one continued in her blessed vocation to hang like an angel of peace over the bed of disease, and to breathe words of contrition and love over the frozen heart of the sinner. The other had entered the order of the Magdalens in the "Bon Pasteur," and had thus devoted the remainder of her days to mourning over the errors of her early youth.

It happened one day that a young novice who had been sent on her daily duties under the care of Sister Agnes, was taken so seriously ill, that the latter was obliged to ask shelter for her in the convent of the "Bon Pasteur," near which they chanced to be at the time. There she was received with all love and kindness, and a surgeon was sent for, who, upon seeing her, instantly declared that a few hours must terminate her existence. Sister Agnes whispered a few words to the superior, who replied in a tone of deep commiseration, "Poor thing, poor thing! she shall be sent for directly."

A priest now came and administered the last sacraments of the Church to the young girl, and as he went through the awful forms of extreme unction, a look of heavenly joy was upon her dying face. Perhaps at that moment her good angel was suggesting to her the sweetest consolations that the soul can know in the awful hour of its departure from this world. Perhaps he told her that those eyes which the priest now anointed with holy oil, had ever been closed upon the vanities of this world,—that those ears had ever been open to the voice of distress,—those feet been often wearied in seeking its abode,—those hands been ever employed in administering to its wants,—those lips been only unclosed to instruct its ignorance or to console its afflictions. Well might her soul rejoice in the anticipation of those blessed words, "What you have done to the least of my brethren, you have done even unto me." Since, in the midst of her deep humility, she could not but feel that those senses, for the sins of which the priest was even now imploring pardon, and which by others are so often made the agents of crime, had been used by her but as ministering angels to the sorrows of her Saviour in the persons of his poor.

So thought those who knelt around her bed; so thought *one* who lay prostrate at the half open door, and who, in the depths of her humility, deemed herself unworthy to enter the chamber where a saint was about to depart to the espousals of her Lord! The lights were extinguished, the prayers were said, and then Sister Agnes bent over the dying girl, and whispered something in her ear. A shadow fell upon that angel face; it seemed as if she had been disturbed in a dream of heaven. But then she looked at the sister with a smile of acquiescence.

Agnes approached the door and led to the bed side the tottering form of the Magdalen who had been prostrate there. Isabel gazed for one moment upon the holy face of her child, and struck by an awful idea of her sanctity, she fell on her knees and whispered softly, "Spouse of Christ, pray for and bless thy mother."

The girl sat upright in her bed, every feature of her face bright in the holy exultation of her soul, and falling into the arms of her mother, she cried out,—

"Mother! my mother! we shall meet in heaven!"

They laid her back upon the pillow, but she was dead. Isabel hid her face in the coverlet, while they read the prayers for the spirit gone to judgment. The rest of the assistants now departed, and the mother was left alone with the corpse of her child. One of the nuns soon came to seek her. She rose, imprinted one last kiss upon those lips, where a happy smile was lingering still, and then she followed the nun, her arms folded meekly on her bosom. Agnes met her at the door—she drew her sister towards her,—they gazed wistfully upon each well known face, then they fell into each other's arms, and lifting up their voices, they wept aloud. It was but for a moment: Agnes withdrew, and the sisters met no more upon earth. But their souls were often blended together in prayer; and in patience and humble hope they awaited the day when they should meet once again upon the bosom of their Lord—that guiltless and that pardoned one! M. C. A.

Feast of St. Catharine of Sienna.

CHRISTIAN ARCHITECTURE.

BY T. E. GIRAUD, ARCHT.

THE erection of some buildings in the pointed style in these United States, having directed of late public attention towards the old Christian architecture, I have thought that by connecting a few extracts from the works of the celebrated advocate of that style, Welby Pugin, I might throw some light on the true principles of religious structures. "Any thing may be built and called a church—any style, any plan, any detail."—*A. W. Pugin.*

These words of the modern Pierre de Montreuil are, alas! too true. How different the structures now erected for the worship of the Most High God, from those venerable piles which the faith of by-gone ages has left as standing proofs of the unity of spirit which animated the children of the Christian Church.

"Formerly," says Pugin, "the word church implied a particular sort of edifice, invariably erected on the same principle; it might be highly ornamented, or it might be simple; it might be large or small; lofty or low; costly or cheap; but it was arranged on a certain regulated system. Churches built hundreds of miles apart, and with the difference of centuries in the period of their erection, would still exhibit a perfect similarity of purpose, and by their form and arrangement attest that the same faith had instigated their erections, and the same rites were performed within their walls."

What was then the style which the whole Christian world had adapted to the dwellings of the Son of God? The Gothic or pointed architecture, which was formed from a fusion of the Norman and Saracenic styles, and which attained its highest degree of purity and perfection in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. This Christian style was then formed in the bosom of the Church; it was, therefore, modeled to suit our sacred rites, for which the monotonous symmetry of the Pagan orders was utterly unfit.

But, some persons will observe, if this style be essentially Christian (I understand "Christian," in the sense it had before the dawn of that age of light, the sixteenth century, gave it its many different, nay, even opposite meanings), why did not the Christian metropolis adopt it for its own buildings? The answer is easy. When the Roman hydra crouched at the feet of the disciples of the Galilean fishermen, the temples existing were converted to the purposes of the new faith, and the others subsequently built were modeled after these. Besides few were the crusaders from the Papal territory, and the pointed style was introduced in a great measure by these pilgrim soldiers; for if we pass over to Lombardy, we will see that, though in the midst of the much admired productions of the Greek and Roman schools, the Milanese Christians thought the style which their knights had vaunted, well adapted to the erection of one of the richest piles that ever graced fair Italy, and we even find Sienna giving its name to one of the varieties of this truly Christian order.

But many and deeply rooted are the prejudices existing against the style; some the result of the discoveries, made by the philosophic expounders of the Gospel, of the ignorance, barbarity and superstitions of the old Catholics; others caused by some monstrosities erected by modern architects and christened Gothic. Here I will quote the writings of almost the only architect who in this century of enlightenment ever surmised that the non-reformed Christians knew what they were doing.

"It is very probable," says Pugin, "that many well disposed persons have been led to approve, or at least tolerate these miserable erections from a mistaken idea that nothing could be accomplished in the

pointed style under an immense cost. Now so far from this being the case, this architecture has decidedly the advantage on the score of economy, it can be accommodated to any materials, any dimensions, and any locality. The erroneous opinions formed on this subject, are consequent on the unfortunate results attending the labors of those who when about to build in the pointed style, take some vast church for their model, and then, without a twentieth of the space, or a hundredth part of the money, try to do something like it. This is certain to be a failure. Had they on the contrary, gone and examined some edifice of antiquity, corresponding in scale and intention to the one they wish to erect, they would have produced a satisfactory building at a reasonable cost. Some persons seem to imagine that every pointed church must be a cathedral or nothing. This has even been cited as a reason why the proposed new Catholic Church at York should not be Gothic on account of its vicinity to the cathedral. Nothing can be more absurd: no one would think for an instant of attempting to rival the extent or the richness of that glorious pile; but were there not above thirty parochial churches anciently in York? and did the builders think it expedient to depart from Catholic architecture in the design, on account of the stupendous cathedral? Certainly not. There were many buildings among them, and small ones too, equally perfect and beautiful for the purpose for which they were intended as the minster itself. Architecture to be good must be consistent. A parish church, to contain a few hundred persons, must be very differently arranged from a metropolitan cathedral; and if this principle be understood, and acted upon, the Catholics of York may erect an edifice suitable to their present necessities, which would not be unworthy of William de Melton or Walter Skirlaw.

"Churches must be regulated in their scale and decorations (as was formerly the case) by the means and numbers of the people; it being always remembered that the house of God should be as good, as spacious, as ornamented as circumstances will allow. Many an humble village church of rabble walls and thatched roof has doubtless formed as acceptable an offering to Almighty God (being the utmost the poor people could accomplish) as the most sumptuous fabric erected by their richer brethren. Every thing is relative; a building may be admirable and edifying in one place which would be disgraceful in another. As long as the Catholic principle exists of dedicating the best to God, be that great or little, the intention is the same and the result always entails a blessing."

Thus we see that costliness is not the sole merit of this style, which independently of the feelings of religious awe it excites in our hearts, saves a considerable expense by the very principle on which it is founded, viz: that "the severity of Christian architecture is opposed to all deception."

"The two great rules for design," says Pugin, "are these—first, that there should be no features about a building which are not necessary for convenience, construction or propriety: secondly, that all ornament should consist of enrichment of the essential construction of the building. The neglect of these two rules is the cause of all the bad architecture of the present time. Architectural features are continually tacked on buildings with which they have no connexion, merely for the sake of what is termed effect; and ornaments are actually constructed instead of forming the decoration of construction, to which in good taste they should be always subservient.

"In pure architecture the smallest detail should have a meaning, or serve a pur pose; and even the construction itself should vary with the material employed, and the designs should be adapted to the material in which they are executed."

That these principles have been strictly carried out in the Gothic style, a study of the different parts of a pointed building would soon prove; but that study is not at present our object.

Here then in a few words may we draw the contrast between the Christian and the Pagan styles. The former constructs the essential parts and beautifies them: the latter builds its ornaments, though in some

cases entirely useless; and it may here be remarked that nothing but the blind admiration of modern times for the ages of Paganism, and the wilful prejudices of the enlighteners of the world could have destroyed even the feeling of Catholic art.

The high pitch of the roof, the division of the breadth into nave and aisles, the liberty of employing any material, and of dispensing with strict symmetry, and many others are facilities which the architect will seek vainly in the Pagan styles, and the possibility of erecting for any sum a church, Catholic in its construction, is an advantage which in a country like ours should not be overlooked.

Sincerely hoping that at some future day Catholic art may be better understood, I will end these extracts by again quoting my author in his description of the rich parochial churches of Catholic England.

"An old English parish church, as originally used for the ancient worship, was one of the most beautiful and appropriate buildings that the mind of man could conceive; every portion of it answered both a useful and a mystical purpose. There stood the tower, not formed of detached and misapplied portions of architectural detail stuck over one another to make up a height, but solid buttresses and walls rising from a massive base, and gradually diminishing and enriching as they rise, till they were terminated in a heaven-pointing spire surrounded by clusters of pinnacles, and forming a beautiful and instructive emblem of a Christian's brightest hopes. These towers served a double purpose, for in them hung the solemn sounding bells to summon the people to the offices of the Church, and by their lofty elevation they served as beacons to direct their footsteps to the sacred spot. There the southern porch, destined for the performance of many rites, the spacious nave and aisles for the faithful—the oaken canopy carved with images of the heavenly host, and painted with quaint and appropriate devices—the impressive doom or judgment pictured over the great chancel arch—the fretted screen and rood-loft—the mystical separation between the sacrifice and the people, with the emblem of the redemption carried on high and surrounded with glory—the great altar, rich in hangings, placed far from irreverent gaze, and with the brilliant eastern window terminating this long perspective; while the chantry and guild chapels, pious foundations of families and confraternities, contributed greatly to increase the solemnity of the glorious pile. Such is but a faint outline of the national edifices which have been abandoned for pewed and galleried assembly rooms decorated only with gas fittings and stoves, and without so much as one holy or soul-stirring emblem about them."

MISSIONS AT THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

NO. II.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF SOME OF THE INDIAN TRIBES IN THE COLUMBIA TERRITORY.

HOUSE *of the Lakes*.—The savages of this post, near the Rocky Mountains, are called "People of the Lakes," to whom the Canadian travellers had frequently spoken of their "Black Gowns." The missionaries were very cordially received by this first portion of the great flock confided to their care. During seventeen days they cultivated in the best manner they could this growing vine, which promised to yield the most excellent fruits. As soon as they spoke to these poor infidels of God, the fall of Adam, the necessity of baptism, &c. those who had children, with great eagerness brought them to be baptized, in order, as they said, "to render their hearts to God,

and keep them from sin." Zealous and eager to be instructed, these good savages are prepared to be admitted into the Church, as soon as a clergyman will settle among them.

At Fort Colville, the missionaries were received by the chiefs of the Chaudieres, the Cinq-poils, the Spokon, the Piscoons, and the Okanagan, accompanied by some of their nation. Scarcely had they perceived the skiffs of the missionaries when they ran to the shore to meet them. Men, women, and children, all pressed forward with the greatest delight to shake hands with the missionaries. They listened with the greatest attention to the instructions of the latter, who thus scattered abroad the precious seed of the word, hoping that it would be productive, according to the designs of infinite mercy over this until now abandoned portion of the human family. It is easily perceived what progress religion would make among a people so well disposed, if evangelical laborers were sent to reside in the country which they inhabit. The five nations whom we have just mentioned, as well as the People of the Lakes and the Flat Heads, speak languages that differ little from each other, a circumstance which greatly facilitates their mutual intercourse, and which would require a missionary to know the language of only one nation to be understood by all the others.

At Fort Okanagan, we found the same good dispositions among the savages. To make them fervent Christians it would be sufficient to teach them what they must do to become such.

Fort Wallamalla, or the *Nez-perces*.—Some of the great men of the Kdous nation had come to this post to see *the chiefs of the French people* (a name given by the savages to the missionaries). They manifested the same satisfaction in seeing the black gowns, and the same zeal to hear them. They speak the language of the Nez-perces, which is entirely different from that of the Chaudieres and Flat Heads, and understand that of the People of the Falls, the Dalles, and the Cascades, who are scattered along the borders of the Columbia river, from Fort Wallamalla to that of Vancouver. A great number of these savages understand the Tchinouk jargon.

Fort Vancouver.—The Tchinouks are settled along the Columbia from the fort to the Pacific ocean. Previous to 1830, they were very numerous and very rich; but at that period nearly the nine-tenths of them were destroyed by the fever. This malady was thought to be a scourge from God on account of their wicked life. It is said that at present their conduct and manners are not so vicious, with the exception of those who live near the fort, and who, from their communication with the whites are greatly demoralized. The missionaries did not receive much encouragement from the latter, and had reason to regret their separation from the good Indians higher up the river. But the greater part of the nation that live in the vicinity of Fort George, at the mouth of the Columbia, not being so depraved, lead us to hope that it will be possible to render them more susceptible of instruction. At the very moment the missionaries were writing these lines, they were informed that the chief of the Tchinouks had just arrived at the fort to see the French priests, and to ascertain whether they would be willing to instruct his people in the truths of salvation.

The language of the Tchinouks is so difficult that it is almost impossible to learn it, and differs entirely from that of the surrounding tribes. But they understand a jargon by means of which the whites generally can carry on an intercourse with the savages who frequent Fort Vancouver. This jargon (or gibberish), which consists of from three hundred and fifty to four hundred words, borrowed from different languages, is so easily acquired, that three months after his arrival, Mr. Demers possessed it well enough to explain the catechism to the catechumens without being obliged to commit to writing what he said. A great number of the savages of the Cascades, as well as of the Tlikatat nation, understand the jargon, frequent the catechism and the evening prayers regularly, at Vancouver. Mr. Demers has translated into this dialect a portion of the prayers, and will translate the remainder at his leisure. He intends to study the language of the Tlikatat, which

will be of great assistance to him for the instruction of this nation, and the inhabitants of the Falls and Cascades, who understand it well.

Establishment at Cowlitz.—The savages who live in the neighborhood of this establishment, where the missionaries intend to locate their principal station, for the most part understand the jargon. They promise the missionaries a brilliant prospect. After the visit of Mr. Blanchet, they said to the Canadians: "The priests are coming and we are poor; but we wish to do something for them; we will work and do whatever they tell us."

Establishment of Wallamette.—Mr. Blanchet who has already passed a month among the Canadians of this establishment, gives an unfavorable account of the savages that he has seen there. Their name is Kalapoaga. Their number has been much lessened by the fever. They are poor and indolent, and have the reputation of being prone to thieving. They avoid the missionaries; but it appears that the different tribes of this nation, who are settled near the head of the river Wallamette, would more willingly avail themselves of missionary aid. The Kalapoaga almost all speak the jargon.

The tribes of which we have just spoken are settled along, or in the neighborhood of the Columbia, and form only a very small part of the numerous inhabitants of the immense region which the English possess to the west of the Rocky Mountains. Some of those that are established along the coast of the ocean, in a northern direction, towards the Russian possessions, are still so barbarous, that the whites have not as yet ventured to penetrate among them for the operations of the fur-trade. Those of the interior to the north of the Columbia are generally more civilized; and according to the statement of the Canadians employed by the company, they would be pleased to receive the assistance of the missionaries.

PRINCIPAL TRIBES SOUTH OF THE COLUMBIA.

The Flat Heads.—These savages are established in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains, on a river of the same name, which discharges itself into the Columbia. They are good, docile, and well-disposed to hear the Gospel. They have a desire to be acquainted with the black gowns.

The Kootanis inhabit the borders of the river which bears this name, and is also a tributary of the Columbia. Travellers relate that this nation manifests the same happy dispositions that were evinced by those whose chiefs they met at Fort Colville.

The Nez-perces are spread over the vast prairies not far from the Rocky Mountains, in a southern direction. Naturally good, mild, and full of respect for all that relates to the Great Master of life, they have nothing so much at heart, as to learn what they must do to serve Him, and to enjoy the aid of clergymen who will make known to them the religion of the French. They have told the Canadians that if a priest should come among them, he should want for nothing, and that the best produce of their chase would be for him. A rigid moral discipline prevails among this nation. When we consider all this, who will not exclaim in the words of the Gospel, "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few?" What can two missionaries do for the salvation of so many savage tribes, buried in the shades of death?

The English and the United States have been for many years contesting the right to a part of the territory of Columbia. The one side contends that the river Columbia is the limit which ought to separate the possessions of the two powers, whilst the other is of opinion that the line of division should be the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, as is the case east of the Rocky Mountains. In the first hypothesis, Cowlitz, Vancouver, and the most important establishments of the company, with the exception of those of Wallamette, would remain attached to the British territory, whilst in the second, they would be included in the possessions of the American union. It seems that the question will shortly be decided.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

ROME.—*Association of Priests.*—On the 11th of April, 1842, a pious association was established at Rome, having for its object to address prayers to the pure and immaculate heart of Mary, for the conversion of sinners; and his holiness, Gregory XVI, has granted many spiritual favors to the faithful who unite in this charitable work. A small volume has lately been published in England, detailing the ends, advantages and happy effects of this excellent society, to which we will advert more freely in a future number of the Magazine. We wish for the present to call attention to an association of a similar nature, since established in the capital of the Christian world, and consisting only of priests, secular and regular, who, in virtue of their connection with this confraternity, will endeavor to promote, as far as they can, the honor of the immaculate heart of Mary, the Mother of God, and to further, by every possible means that a prudent zeal may suggest, the conversion of sinners and of those who are astray in the devious paths of error and infidelity.

With this view the association is composed of not less than thirty priests, each of whom is required, on some specified day of every month, to offer the holy sacrifice of the mass for the above mentioned object, and in the oblation to pray that through the merits of Jesus Christ, and the intercession of his blessed mother, the whole world may become but one spiritual flock, united in one faith, under one head, the bishop of Rome. It is moreover recommended that the members of this society, in all their sacrifices, appeal to the divine mercy in behalf of sinners and others who have need of conversion. If more than thirty clergymen are enrolled in the society, more effectual supplications will be offered every month, and more abundant graces will be obtained. Any priest wishing to become a member of the association, must hand in his name in full and his place of residence to the director of the confraternity, who will keep a record of the same, and will give to each one a certificate of membership.

The names of several clergymen in the archdiocess of Baltimore will be forwarded to Rome for this purpose about the first of October. Those reverend gentlemen who may desire to have their names forwarded by the same opportunity, are requested to report them, before the 25th of this month, to the editor of the U. S. Catholic Magazine.

The following is the Papal brief, approving and enriching with indulgences and other spiritual graces, the confraternity of priests united for the conversion of sinners, under the auspices of the immaculate heart of Mary.

"GREGORIUS PAPA XVI. *Ad perpetuam rei memoriam.*—Cum nullis certe Nostris promeritis, sed ineffabili divinæ providentiæ consilio amantissimi Christi Jesu vicariam hic in terris geramus operam, qui Dei filius ante luciferum, et ante omnia sæcula genitus propter nimiam, qua nos dilexit, caritatem, è cœlo in terras venit in similitudinem hominum factus, vocare peccatores, omnesque salvos facere; cum singulari sane studio, atque omni ope illa pia Instituta fovere, ac tueri solemus, quæ eo potissimum spectant, ut qui in tenebris, et umbra mortis sedent, atque in peccatorum cœno jacent, ad veritatis lumen traducti, atque ad salutis tramitem revocati ingrediantur vias Domini; itaque per similes Nostras Apostolicas Literas die 15 Februarii superiori anno datas Sodalitatem, seu Piam Unionem Sanctissimi Cordis Mariæ pro conversione peccatorum in Parochiali Æde S. Laurentii in Lucina hujus Nostræ Almæ Urbis approbandam, eamque cœlestibus Ecclesiæ thesauris ditandam existimavimus. Nunc autem ut magis, magisque in justitiæ semitam possint redire, qui ab ea aberrant, Nobis expositum est in eadem Parochiali Ecclesia S. Laurentii aliam Piam Sodalitatem seu Unionem institui quæ sub auspiciis Immaculati Mariæ Cordis ex utriusque Cleri Presbyteris tantum constet, quorum numero non minori triginta, qui omnes statuto unicuique mensis die Divinam Hostiam pro omnium peccatorum, atque infidelium conversione immolare debent, quemadmodum ex ipsius sodalitatis præscriptis patet, quæ italico sermone exarata hisce Litteris inserenda mandavimus, prout sequitur, nempe "Pia Unione di Sacerdoti riuniti sotto gli auspici del Sacro Cuore di Maria Santissima per la conversione de' Peccatori. Jam verò cum à Nobis suppliciter petitum fuerit, ut hujusmodi Presbyterorum Sodalitatem Auctoritate Nostrâ approbare velimus, Nos quibus nihil po-

tius esse potest, quam ut spiritualia cujusque generis comparentur subsidia, quibus errantes ad salutis semitam possint redire; piis hisce votis alacri, libentique animo annuendum censuimus. Quamobrem omnes et singulos, quibus hæ Litteræ favent, peculiari beneficentia prosequi volentes, et à quibusvis excommunicationis, suspensionis, et interdicti, aliisque ecclesiasticis sententiis, censuris, ac pœnis quocumque modo, vel quacumque de causâ latis, si quas forte incurrerint, hujus tantum rei gratia absolventes, ac absolutos fore consentes hisce Litteris Auctoritate Nostrâ Apostolicâ Piam Presbyterorum Sodalitatem, seu Unionem in Parochiali Ecclesia Sancti Laurentii in Lucina hujus Urbis sub auspiciis Immaculati Mariæ Cordis pro peccatorum conversione instituendam, atque illius præscripta hisce Litteris inserta approbamus et confirmamus. Atque huic Presbyterorum Sodalitati omnes, et singulas gratias, atque indulgentias, quibus alia ejusmodi nominis sodalitas in commemorata Parochiali Æde S. Laurentii jam instituta, ac prædictis Nostris Apostolicis Litteris probata fruitur, concedimus, atque impertimur. Præterea cœlestes Ecclesiæ thesauros ejusdem sodalitatis Presbyteris largiri volentes, ipsis Presbyteris plenariam concedimus indulgentiam, quo die statutum sacrosanctum Missæ sacrificium pro peccatorum conversione celebraverint. Insuper de Omnipotentes Dei misericordia, ac Beatorum Petri et Pauli Apostolorum Ejus auctoritate confisi, ut quandocumque ejusdem Sodalitatis Presbyteri Sacrosanctum Missæ Sacrificium ad quodcumque Altare celebraverint, Missæ Sacrificium hujusmodi tribus tantum vicibus pro qualibet hebdomada Animæ, seu Animabus pro qua, seu quibus celebratum fuerit perinde suffragetur, ac si ad Altare privilegiatum fuisset celebratum eadem Auctoritate Nostrâ hisce Litteris pariter concedimus, et indulgemus. Denique in cujuslibet ipsius Sodalitatis Sacerdotum mortis articulo, si verè pœnitentes et confessi, ac Sacrâ Communione refecti, vel quatenus id facere nequiverint, saltem contriti nomen Jesu ore, si potuerint, sin minus corde devote invocaverint pariter plenariam omnium peccatorum suorum indulgentiam, et remissionem in Domino misericorditer impertimur. Hæc concedimus, et indulgemus, statuimus et mandamus, decernentes has præsentes Litteras firmas, validas, et efficaces existere, et fore, suosque plenarios, et integros effectus sortiri, et obtinere, iisque ad quos spectat, et pro tempore spectabit hoc, futurisque temporibus plenissimè suffragari, sicque in præmissis per quoscumque Judices Ordinarios, et Delegatos, etiam Causarum Palatii Apostolici Auditores, ac Sanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ Cardinales judicari, ac definiri debere, irritumque et inane quidquid secus super his à quoquam quavis auctoritate scienter, vel ignoranter contigerit attentari. Non obstantibus Apostolicis, atque in Universalibus, Provincialibusque, et Synodalibus, Conciliis editis generalibus, vel specialibus Constitutionibus, et Ordinationibus, ceterisque in contrariam facientibus quibuscumque.

Datum Romæ apud Sanctum Petrum sub Annulo Piscatoris die 10 Mensis Februarii Anno 1843. Pontificatus Nostri anno decimotertio.

A Card. Lambruschini."

Indulgences granted to the pious association of the faithful who address themselves to the Sacred Heart of Mary for the conversion of sinners, and which are enjoyed also by the clerical association mentioned above.

1. A plenary indulgence and full remission of sin to each member of the association, to be gained on the day of his admission, provided he approach worthily the sacraments of penance and the holy eucharist.

2. A plenary indulgence at the hour of death for those who will have made a good confession and communion, or, if they cannot receive these sacraments, will devoutly invoke the most holy name of Jesus, in their heart, when they cannot pronounce it with their lips.

3. A plenary indulgence to those who will receive the sacraments of penance and the holy eucharist, on the Sunday preceding that of Septuagesima, and on the following festivals; the circumcision of our Lord, the Purification, Annunciation, Nativity, Assumption, Conception, and Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin; the Conversion of St. Paul, St. Mary Magdalen, and the third Sunday after Pentecost, on which day the confraternity celebrates the feast of the sacred and immaculate heart of Mary.

4. A plenary indulgence to those who will devoutly recite every day, a Hail Mary for the conversion of sinners. This indulgence may be gained once in the year, by any member, on the anniversary of his baptism, by a worthy reception of the sacraments of penance and the holy eucharist.

5. An indulgence of five hundred days on every Saturday in the year, to be gained by the members, and by any of the faithful who will piously assist at the mass which may be celebrated on that day in honor of the most sacred heart of Mary; provided at that time they pray for the conversion of sinners.

France.—Mademoiselle de Haber, a Jewess, and the granddaughter of M. Worms de Romilly, president of the central consistory of the Israel-

ites in France, has been converted, and was married the other day, says *L'Ami de la Religion*, to M. Groncy. The marriage took place with all the Catholic rites, in the church of Notre Dame de Lorette.—*Tablet.*

Belgium.—*Education.*—In 1840 there were in Belgium four thousand nine hundred and seventy-five primary schools, with four hundred and fifty-three thousand three hundred and eighty-one scholars. In the province of Antwerp seventy-seven schools, and two thousand four hundred and eight scholars have been added, in the last two years, to the numbers in 1840. In West Flanders the increase in schools is two hundred and two, and in scholars thirty-eight thousand fifty-seven. In East Flanders the new scholars are thirteen thousand nine hundred and thirty-three. In Limburg the increase of schools is thirty. In Hainault one hundred and twenty-four schools and six thousand eight hundred and two scholars have been added in two years; and in Namur ten schools with eight hundred and thirty scholars have been added. We have no reports from Luxembourg, Liege, or Brabant, but know that their progress is proportioned to that of the other provinces.

Children of China.—The following is from the *Journal de Bruxelles* of the 8th:—Yesterday (Friday) Mgr. Forbin Janson, bishop of Nancy, preached again in the church of the Friars Minors, as he had promised on the previous day; the auditory was still more numerous than before. The venerable prelate showed how much Christianity had ameliorated the lot of children. Among the greater number of the nations of antiquity, the father had power of life and death over his offspring, in some cases the law obtained the death of those who were born with weak constitutions. Among the modern nations whom the Gospel has not yet enlightened, the same barbarism still prevails. Law, manners, customs, even the very hearts of parents are pitiless of the life of infancy. Thus, in China, at the present moment, thousands of innocent creatures perish every year in the waters, or by exposure where they become the prey of beasts. For a long period has Christian charity been struggling to soften the obdurate barbarism, or to neutralize its effects; and never has an opportunity presented itself so favorable as at present—the coasts of China are no longer closed against Europeans. A project has been formed to collect, or to purchase up all the infants whom the indifference of families would sacrifice, to educate them in the neighborhood of that vast empire, and at length to send them back into their own land Christians, missionaries, the friends of European civilization. Mgr. Forbin Janson is the zealous propagator of this noble work. Since May last, an association for the purpose has existed in France, and the pious prelate expresses his hopes that the Belgians, renowned for their attachment to the faith, would gather in crowds to labor in the "Holy Infancy." A spirited subscription of one sous will form a collection large enough to pay the emissaries, Christian and Chinese, who are to gather up and purchase these poor infant outcasts, and to deposit them safely in the arms of Christian charity, which will watch over them night and day."—*Tablet.*

Conversions—In the church of the Madeleine, at Brussels, on the 15th July, at seven o'clock in the morning, an entire family of Protestants abjured their heresy, and were received into the Catholic Church by the hands of the dean. They consisted of six persons—a widow, four daughters and a son.—*Ibid.*

At Brussels, on the 30th July, in company with Bishop Hughes of New York, was the celebrated Père De Smet, whose labors among the Indians of North America, especially the tribe of Flatheads, were so remarkable.—*Ibid.*

Savoy.—Miss Jane Whellier, daughter of the late Thomas Whellier, Esq., of Exeter, made a public renunciation of the errors of Anglicanism, and profession of the Catholic faith, on the 26th of June last, in the parish church of *Sixt*, in Savoy. The ceremony was assisted by three priests, and the Baroness ——— (sister of the Baron de Louche) as godmother; the new convert, according to the custom of the place, being clothed in violet-colored silk, white veil, &c., and kneeling in the middle of the church. Miss Whellier left England a few years ago a very zealous member of the Church of England, has since resided with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Glover, of the *Abbaye de Sixt*—both Protestants—and has been exposed to no human influence that could shake her faith, other than that of the example of the people of Savoy, *amongst whom*, as acknowledged by Protestant residents, *crime is unknown.*—*Tablet.*

Spain.—We have at length come to an end of the contradictory and unintelligible reports of what was going to be the end of the insurrection in Spain, by the sudden arrival of the end itself. This being so, we hope Mr. O'Connell's words at Tullamore may turn out to be prophetic. "I am come," said the Liberator, "to that time of life when superstition is said to darken the human character. It may be so with me, but I must say that I attribute the fall of Espartero to the silent voices raised towards heaven, under the direction of the sacred pontiff—to the universal

prayers recently offered to God for the Church in Spain. I do really think I can see the response of heaven in the mouldering away, without an effort, of all the power of that bad man." We say we hope these words may prove prophetic, and that the overthrow of Espartero, brought about as it has been, is not the beginning of heavier sorrows and affliction than those of which he was the minister. Undoubtedly, however, the power of this man, struck by the ban of the Church, has mouldered away, seemingly without an effort. He has stood against many formidable shocks, and some able rivals. He has weathered many difficulties, and he seemed to have triumphed over all obstacles. He stood alone. In another year the term of his regency would have expired, and he might then have relinquished peaceably, and with apparent honor, the helm of state, if he found himself unable to grasp it any longer. But no; this was not to be; and accordingly in the height of his power, apparently without any motive, without a plan, without a common object, all classes have united to hurl him from the power he had abused, and which, perhaps, every one of them would have abused as fearfully; many of them, indeed, much more fearfully. The insurrectionists under Narvaez—the confidant of Queen Christina—and the Esparterists, under General Seaone, had an engagement on the 22d inst. at Torrejon. It lasted for a quarter of an hour, at the end of which period the troops on both sides "fraternized" for the benefit of Narvaez. Seaone and the son of Zurbano were taken prisoners, while Zurbano took refuge in Madrid. The metropolis was summoned to surrender unconditionally; and on the evening of the 23d Narvaez made a triumphant entry into Madrid. Meanwhile, Espartero has been either unable or unwilling to strike a blow; and even if the prayers of the Church have not been heard in his downfall—if a worse government is designed to succeed that which is now passing away, we may, at least, be permitted to reflect that his downfall is the punishment of a public criminal, is an article of retributive vengeance against a cowardly persecutor of the Church.—*Tablet.*

We have heard, and believe that we may state it as a fact, that his holiness, by a decree of the 18th of March last, has conceded to the most illustrious and excellent Signor Don Juan Bonel y Orbe, bishop of Cordova, for a period of five years, the same powers which were set forth in the decree of 1837, to the late Patriarch, Allue y Sese.—*Catolico*, July 1.

The junta of safety, at Valencia, have decreed: 1. That all the national property which had belonged to the secular clergy and to the convents of religious of that province, and which had not been previously sold, should be placed in the hands of a commission, composed of three individuals, one elected by the secular, another by the regular clergy, and the third to be appointed by the Intendant of the province. The property so placed in commission to be applied to the support of the clergy respectively, the secular and regular, according to the original ownership of the property. The unappropriated property of the Church has also been kept for the same sacred purpose at Salamanca; and what is remarkable in the present insurrection, is the Catholic spirit that it breathes. "Santiago y Cierra Espagna," is the general war-cry of the anti-Esparterists.—*Catolico*, July 24.

Portugal.—*Lisbon.*—The bishop of Leiria was consecrated yesterday. The ceremony was performed by the patriarch, in his private chapel at St. Vincent's, assisted by the bishops of Cape Verd and Elvas.—*Tablet.*

Arrived at this court (Lisbon, July 10), by the English packet, the Signor Adriano Borgia, one of the guard nobles to his holiness, bearing the cardinal's hat to his eminence the patriarch of Lisbon. By the same packet were received despatches containing the confirmations granted in the secret consistory of the 19th ult., to the lord bishops of Oporto and Macao, and the archbishop of Goa. Thus fail the vaticinations that, with evil eye, foresaw the abandonment of all negotiations with the holy see relative to the church of Portugal. We hope to see concluded, within a short time, all that concerns a treaty so important—a matter so conducive to the perfect re-establishment of order and tranquillity in our country.—*Diario di Governo.*

Liberia.—The Rt. Rev. Dr. Barron, Catholic bishop of Liberia, after a short visit to his friends in Waterford, left that city for Bristol on Friday, on his way to take charge of the distant and laborious mission assigned to him by the holy see. His lordship, we are happy to say, is in good health. He was accompanied to Bristol by the Rev. John Sheehan, P. P., St. Patrick's; Rev. Martin Flynn, P. P., Trinity Without; and Rev. J. P. Cooke, of St. John's College.—*Cork Examiner.*

Germany.—At Cologne, on the last sitting of the committee appointed to superintend the works at the cathedral, the archbishop communicated a letter from the king of Bavaria, suggesting the establishment of an association of the members of the Germanic confederation, for the completion of the cathedral, and promising, for his own contribution, ten thousand florins

annually, during his life from his civil list, independently of the four painted-glass windows which he has already undertaken to present.

England.—*Memoir of the late Rt. Rev. Peter Augustine Baines, Bishop of Siga, and Vicar Apostolic of the Western District in England, &c.* The following memoir of the late Dr. Baines, from the pen of one of his private friends, which has been handed to us for insertion, will probably be found interesting to many of our readers. With the numerous memoirs that must shortly appear of the Right Rev. Dr. Baines, this short and hurried notice, written in the deepest affliction, cannot hope to compete, either in its general detail, or in its manner of treatment; still, should the affectionate admirers of the deceased prelate be at all gratified with the following early particulars, the object of the writer will have been abundantly fulfilled. The Right Rev. Dr. Baines was born of respectable parents, in Kirby, a small village not very distant from Liverpool, in the Spring of 1786. When he was about eleven years of age, he was sent to Lampspring, a Benedictine Convent, situated in Prussian Germany, in order to pursue his studies for the Church, to which his parents destined him. He soon distinguished himself in this convent by his proficiency in his studies, and here it was that, at an early age, he laid the foundation of his future high attainments as a classical scholar. He remained in this convent about four years, until the period of the suppression of ecclesiastical establishments during the French revolution, when he was obliged to return to England. After a few months spent with his parents, he repaired to Ampleforth, which had just been purchased by the Benedictines for a conventual and collegiate establishment. Here, though very young, he was appointed to superintend the department connected with the studies of the college, which he conducted with very great ability and success, at the same time pursuing his own course of divinity, in order to prepare himself for the holy state to which he was an aspirant. At the age of twenty-four we see him ordained priest, and shortly after appointed to the Bath mission. Previous to his departure from the north, he preached several most powerful sermons; the one he delivered at Sheffield excited particular attention. In the year 1817, he arrived at Bath, in which his zeal for the progress of his religion had ample scope for manifestation. This was speedily shown by his dutiful discharge of his missionary functions, by the superior splendor with which the ritual of his Church was revived, and by his splendid pulpit discourses. It was in this town that his incessant labors, both of body and mind, gave the first shock to a constitution naturally far from delicate. In 1823, Mr. Baines was appointed coadjutor to Bishop Collingridge, and was consecrated bishop in Dublin on the 1st of May, in the same year. He was, therefore, at the period of his decease, the senior vicar apostolic of the Catholic Church in England. Increasing bad health soon rendered a continental tour advisable, not to say necessary; and during the three years spent abroad with the object of repairing a shattered constitution, Bishop Baines amassed stores of knowledge which subsequently obtained for him the reputation of being one of the best informed men of his day. We may also look back to this period as to the time when the elegant taste with which he was gifted by nature was improved and fully developed, and which taste became afterwards so apparent in the arrangement and disposal of the college and grounds of Prior Park, purchased by him, almost unaided, and certainly with the greatest opposition from numerous quarters, soon after his return home. This event took place shortly after the demise of Bishop Collingridge. It is much to be feared that whatever advantages his enfeebled frame may have derived from his continental sojourn, were completely counteracted by the severe shock which his lordship must have experienced at the conflagration of 1836, by which the centre mansion, in which his lordship and the supporters of the college resided, was totally consumed. Few persons could have borne up against an adversity so unforeseen, so unexpected. Nothing daunted in mind, however much affected bodily, and with a faith capable of removing mountains, the subject of this notice proceeded to repair this so severe a loss, and with the blessing of God lived to see himself the founder and the father of two noble colleges, admirably adapted for the rearing of his youthful clergy, and for the instruction of children of tender age, as well as the education of young men preparing to tread the stage of life. We are lost in wonder when we behold the noble effects produced by the genius of a single man, working, we had almost said, alone. The system of studies, both secular and ecclesiastical, pursued at these colleges, and which is printed in the form of a pamphlet, was principally devised by Dr. Baines, and has met with the unqualified approbation of several of the leading men, both of the Catholic and the Protestant world. As a preacher, Dr. Baines had no superior, and to whom shall we point as to an equal? The popularity of his discourses may be illustrated by the fact that a single sermon preached by him at Bradford, in Yorkshire,

entitled "Faith, Hope, and Charity," has been translated into all the languages of Europe; and the number of copies circulated in England alone must have exceeded the enormous amount of three hundred thousand.* All who have had the pleasure of being present at his lordship's sermons must have fully appreciated the distinctness of articulation, the solidity of argument, the simplicity of subject-matter, intelligible to the meanest capacity, and that quiet ease in delivery, which, while it impressed every beholder with its perfect nature, grace, and beauty, caused each to wonder how it was attainable in his own particular case, and proved how much more easy it is to *admire* than to *imitate* perfection. His piety was so great that when speaking of the passion and sufferings of our Saviour, he never failed to melt into tears, and was often totally overpowered by his feelings. As a private gentleman, Dr. Baines must ever be remembered for his noble and independent spirit, for his unimpeachable honor, for his courtesy and solid acquirements. To an intimate acquaintance with the classics, together with the dead and living languages, must be added a refined taste for music, a love of the fine arts generally, and a success in the cultivation of poetry, only to be equalled by the masterly prose compositions which are the offspring of his varied genius. As a Christian minister, and a bishop of the Catholic Church, Dr. Baines fulfilled his duties impartially, and with unflinching zeal. To the poor his loss will be great—his heart ever bled for their sorrows, and in him they had a powerful and a willing advocate. One of the latest productions of his pen demands, rather than solicits help for the distressed; and in the Lenten Pastoral of 1843, the voice of the Church calls through him, in majestic language, for the exercise of the greatest of virtues, a virtue which "covereth a multitude of sins," a virtue by which those who "give to the poor, lend to the Lord." Dr. Baines, it has been justly remarked, died as he had lived, in the full discharge of his duties. When this benevolent, talented, and more than beloved pastor, had attended the annual exhibition of studies, and had opened a new church at Bristol, he knew and felt that his college and district were on a firm footing. What had he now to attach him to the world? "You will believe me, gentlemen," were his words on the evening before his decease, when he returned thanks for the rapturous manner in which his health had been received, "you will believe me, gentlemen, when I say that I have this night met with the only earthly reward I could covet." This language was prophetic! He retired to rest, exhausted with his too great labors, and next morning, July 6th, Dr. Baines was no more! He had breathed forth his soul during sleep, and we trust has gone only to meet with that reward in comparison of which the rewards of this earth are as nothing. The consciousness of having done his duty faithfully, endowed his features even in death with a placid smile, which four days afterwards remained unaltered, even with the ravages of incipient decomposition. His lordship will be buried, as he had often during his life time expressed a wish, in the chapel of the college—there will be seen his tomb—but build no monument to Bishop Baines. Hasten to Prior Park and there

"Si quæris monumentum, circumspice."

There view that colossal mind cast in stone! Thus, then, has the reminiscent thrown together the few remarks which he trusts will not be deemed uninteresting to the friends of the deceased bishop; and thus have a few general facts been attempted to be recorded in these sentences of a life which volumes hereafter will fail to sufficiently illustrate. Hundreds and thousands may weep over the loss which Providence in its inscrutable judgments, has called upon them to bear; but from the chain of individual existence can no single link have been riven with more violence, than from that of the compiler of these hurried remarks.

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,
Nulli flebilior quam mihi!

Tablet.] MŒRENS.

More converts to Catholicity.—On the festival of Corpus Christi the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer celebrated the august ceremony of the mass at St. Mary's college, Oscott, near Birmingham. This estimable divine afterwards administered the holy sacrament of Communion to four divines of the Protestant Church, viz: the Rev. Messrs. Smith, Talbot, Renon and Sparks, who are about to take orders in the Catholic Church, and to the Rev. Messrs. Conolly and Sankey, the former a Protestant, and the latter a Dissenting clergyman. The Rev. Mr. Stanley was followed within the fold of Catholicity by not less than thirty-eight members of his flock. Nothing could be more solemn and imposing than the ceremonies, and more impressive than the proceedings upon this occasion.—*Tablet.*

IRELAND.—A very interesting volume has been lately issued in Dublin, containing the life of the Ven. J. B. de la Salle, founder of the Christian Schools, with an historical sketch of

* Two large editions, one of them stereotype, have been issued in the United States.

the institute to the present time; translated from the French of Père Garreau, S. J.; and also an account of the rise and progress of the society in Ireland. By the Christian Brothers. In reviewing this work, the editor of the Tablet makes the following just remarks: "'Monks,' says a modern writer who ought to know better, 'are a very strange, extinct species of the human family; the gospel of Richard Arkwright once promulgated, no monk of the old sort is any longer possible in this world.' The gospel of Richard Arkwright, say we in reply, once promulgated and received with universal belief, 'monks of the old sort' are not only longer possible in this world, but more than ever indispensable to save it from absolute ruin. Nay, the more completely the Arkwright gospel has become the universal creed, the more necessary is it that rude, old-fashioned monkery should quietly rise up in opposition to it, and warn this new civilization that unless it can accommodate itself both to the garb and the spirit of that which has passed away; unless it can make friends with that which it least resembles; unless it can find out the necessity for, and joyfully use the services of this despised race, this 'extinct species of the human family,' its days must be troubled and evil, full of wretchedness and despair. What, indeed, is there in Arkwright's gospel, or in any gospel of mechanics and useful knowledge, to make monkery extinct? Whether man's clothes are made of woollen or cotton, whether manufactured by jennies or the simplest invented engines, it really seems to us that the powers of a man's soul, the functions of his body, and the discipline heathful for his immortal part, are now exactly what they ever were. The outer fashion of the monk may vary; the cut of his robe in the nineteenth century may differ from that of the twelfth; the blanket round his loins may give place to broad cloth, and the coarse garment with which he clothes himself may be of a different texture from what it was wont—but, on the whole, poverty and riches bear the same relation to each other that they ever did; deal boards are still hard lodging; dry crusts and water still make a homely diet; and whether the torn robe be fastened by a shabby button, or girded by a ragged cord, the outward appearance of poverty is still—nay, is now more than ever—an object of aversion and contempt. That these things are now, far more than in the twelfth century, abhorrent to all our notions, that poverty still exists in all its hideousness, that riches are more followed after, and more estranged from poverty than ever, and that a spirit of Epicurean luxuriousness now more than ever snares, enfeebles, and destroys the functions of the immortal spirit, binding it down in sad slavery to the interests of the flesh—these very causes which seem to have extinguished monkery are, to us, only proofs of its increased necessity, and pledges for its never being extinct.

"It was one of the functions of the 'monks of the old sort,' to keep schools and teach the poor; and now, as if by anticipation, to disprove the assertion of our human naturalist curious after 'extinct species,' we have in these dominions of Arkwright and Victoria an entirely modern order of monks—'of the old sort,' for all that—whose special business it is to teach the poor gratuitously, to live in voluntary poverty, chastity, and obedience, and to cultivate a spirit of voluntary penance and mortification for the salvation of their own souls. Under some little novelty in point of form, this seems to us in substance a 'monkery' of the 'old sort.' Under the impression that this is the case, we welcome it most heartily; at the same time devoutly hoping that if these worthy Christian Brothers have any of the Gospel according to Arkwright grimed into their souls (as it is very hard now-a-days to avoid such pollution), they will take the speediest and readiest methods of cleansing themselves down to 'the old sort' of spiritual cleanness. We welcome them, and also we welcome this book, the translation of a life (written by a Jesuit) of the venerable founder of their order—Jean Baptiste de la Salle.

"In fact, we think most of our readers will agree with us in feeling that in these times, when the question of primary education has assumed a most momentous and formidable appearance, the life of the venerable and holy man by whom, and by whose example France, Belgium, and Ireland have been covered with teachers, trained in the discipline of Christ's law of perfection for the accomplishment of this task, must have a very peculiar interest. It is not merely the history of an individual, but the history of the struggles of a system—the history of the struggles by which local prejudices, the natural distrust of novelties, and the opposition of pecuniary interests, were manfully resisted, and, in the main, overcome; and a Christian system of education finally and completely established. This history has much in it that directly concerns *us*. *We* have the same task to do as that accomplished by M. de la Salle. We have all around us a nominally Catholic but uneducated population, whom we have neglected hitherto, but whom we must find out the means of teaching. We are threatened with the baneful proselytism of power, and the imposition upon us

of teachers who cannot but be perilous and hurtful to the last degree; in other words, with the imposition upon us of teaching many degrees worse than ignorance itself. How are we to overcome these difficulties? How are we to fulfil these duties? The volume now before us will inform us how, in other times and another country, a hero and a saint underwent the buffetings of a life of martyrdom, in order to make these questions easier for us to answer; how he founded an institute, by which (as we have to do) he waged, in proportion to his means, a successful war against both ignorance and heresy, and assaulted the enemy in his strongholds. With the interest of a novel, it paints the rise and progress of this institute, its early struggles, its hardships, its triumph, its temporary destruction by the French revolution, its resuscitation after the storm had blown over, and its later progress in France and Ireland to the present time. *Tablet.*

Testimonial to the late Rt. Rev. Dr. England.—The Catholic clergy of Cork have nobly shown their piety and patriotism in coming forward to record their unanimous desire to erect an unfading monument to the virtues, talents, and apostolic efforts of the late illustrious bishop of Charleston, Right Rev. Dr. England, who was born in the city of Cork, in 1786, and whose fame and merits are esteemed by the best and brightest men of the new and old world.—*Ibid.*

Dr. Fletcher.—We are sorry to learn that the venerable and learned Dr. Fletcher, author of "The Comparative View," and many other useful works of Catholic controversy, is in a very feeble state of health. Dr. Fletcher was O'Connell's tutor at St. Omer's.

DOMESTIC.

Archdiocess of Baltimore.—We have the gratification to announce that the Most Rev. Archbishop has returned to Baltimore, after an absence of four weeks, in a greatly improved state of health.

Cathedral Public School.—The members of the Cathedral congregation, and the friends of religious education generally, will learn with pleasure that this school, which is intended for the education of the male children of the Cathedral district will be opened on the first Monday of the present month. Arrangements have been made, by which the school will be placed, in the course of some months, under the direction of the brothers of the Christian schools. In the meanwhile the school will be entrusted to competent teachers, under the superintendence of the rector, and a particular attention will be paid to the moral and religious instruction of those who frequent it. See *Advertisement.*

Further Particulars of another Convert.—The name of the companion of Mr. Bailey, in his studies for the priesthood, is Geo. F. Haskins, formerly an Episcopal minister at Boston, and director of the house of refuge. He was received into the Catholic Church by a clergyman of the diocess of Boston, Rev. William Wiley, if we are not misinformed, and subsequently went to Rome, where he contributed much to the conversion of Mr. Bailey. Subsequently they went to Paris, and entered into the institution of St. Sulpice, where they are at present. In letters to their friends they express their happiness in their present situation.—*Catholic Herald.*

OBITUARY.

Died.—In Eastport, Maine, on the 23d July, at the residence of the Rev. B. Caraher, the Rev. E. L. Desmelier, officiating missionary amongst the Passamaquoddy Indians, aged thirty-eight. The deceased was a native of France—was fourteen years a missionary to the above tribe—had erected a beautiful church at Pleasant Point—was their chief adviser on all occasions—and it may well be supposed that his death will be severely felt by them.—*N. E. Rep.*

On Thursday, 3d ult., at St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum in Philadelphia, Sister Petronilla Smith, for fifteen years directress of this institution. For several years her health has been gradually sinking. Her death corresponded with her edifying life.—*Catholic Herald.*

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Manual of Catholic Melodies, or a compilation of Hymns, Anthems, &c., with appropriate airs and devotional exercises. By Rev. James Hœrner. Baltimore: John Murphy. 18mo. pp. 448.

We have already observed, in noticing this publication in its yet uncompleted state, that it was a judicious compilation and that the want of such a work had long been felt by the Catholic community. The publication of a volume like the present, we know, has been frequently sug-

gested by enlightened and experienced clergymen, and when we consider the pretensions of the work and the purposes for which it has been printed, we cannot but think that it will prove a very useful auxiliary to the cause of Catholic piety. The author has rendered considerable service to religion, although his production, as he intimates himself, is not free from imperfections. In fact, a work of this description seldom is. Some of the airs, not remarkable for any peculiar melody, might have been judiciously omitted, and others introduced; but this is a matter of taste, and "de gustibus non est disputandum." The main object of the work is to furnish a manual of sacred music, adapted to family use, devotional meetings, and the pious entertainment of youth on such occasions as first communion, confirmation, the opening and close of studies, catechism," &c., and in general for all occasions when the use of hymns in the vernacular tongue can be introduced without any departure from the spirit of the Church. A great portion of the hymns, psalms, and anthems, are in the Latin language and may be used at any time. The volume is very systematically arranged, offering to the pious Christian an ample collection of prayer and song in reference to the ordinary duties of a Christian life, the blessings and mysteries of religion, and to miscellaneous occasions. The vesper service abounds in excellent selections, and above all is to be commended for the wise adoption of the ancient airs for the psalms, which are not only venerable for their antiquity, but impressively beautiful and rich in melody. If the volume before us did no more than aid in the substitution of these airs for the light and flimsy chant that is so often used in singing the inspired song of the royal prophet, its usefulness would still be great. Prefixed to it is an essay on the "art of singing," which is a valuable accompaniment. As to the mechanical execution of this work, it must win additional laurels for the publisher, as a master of his art. The typography is elegant, and set off with three finely executed engravings.

Letters on the Spanish Inquisition: by M. Le Comte Joseph Le Maistre. Translated from the French, with a preface, additional notes, and illustrations. By T. J. O'Flagherty, S. E. C. Boston: P. Donahoe, 1843. 12mo. pp. 178.

We have been politely favored with a copy of this work, by Mr. Murphy of Baltimore. It is very neatly printed, on fine paper, and as a specimen of typography in general, it is very creditable to the publisher. We regret, however, that this excellent workmanship was not bestowed upon a more meritorious translation of Count de (not Count *le*) Maistre's profound and instructive work on the Inquisition. The translation of an author's writings should be accurate, faithful, and as far as possible, expressive of his spirit and feeling, particularly when they hold so distinguished a rank in the philosophic and literary world, as those of Count de Maistre. We shall not point out the same errors of this production that have been noticed by our cotemporaries; we shall confine ourselves to one or two remarks in reference to other faults that have come under our observation. In the second letter, the translator, by rendering the text incorrectly, produces a countersense, p. 29. The words quoted by Count de Maistre, from a French periodical, are "qui ne croyoient qu'en Dieu," which mean, *who believed only in God;* in the translation this passage being rendered, *who did not believe in a God*, has introduced atheists, where the text alludes only to deists. In several places the translation is disfigured by the interpolation of sentences and words which the illustrious author never wrote, as at the end of page 55, and particularly in the note on page 71; and is also characterised by a tone of harshness which is altogether at variance with the spirit of the original, and is never judiciously employed in the defence of truth. The version of Count de Maistre's letters by Dr. Fletcher is distinguished for its fidelity and charitable tone, and were it republished in this country, would much better serve the cause of religion, than the work just issued from the press.

Review of the Second Letter and Postscript of the Rt. Rev. John H. Hopkins, bishop of Vermont, by Francis Patrick Kenrick, bishop of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: M. Fithian. 8vo. pp. 48.

We confess ourselves enchanted with the pamphlet of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Kenrick whose title heads this notice, and much beholden to the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Vermont, for being the instrument of furnishing the public with an exposition of Catholic tenets so brief and yet so lucid. In Dr. Kenrick's views of religious discussions, we cordially concur, and are pleased to find that our opinions in that particular are consonant with those of so distinguished a prelate. "In order that discussions be profitable," says the bishop, "both parties should be learned, honorable, and earnest in the search after truth: all vituperation and sophistry should be banished: the points in question should be steadily held in view; and the triumph of truth, not personal success, should be sought. Most persons will perceive that these conditions are not easily realized. I do not know with what appearance of consistency

Bishop Hopkins advocates such discussions, after having deprecated the proud war of words in his address to our hierarchy."

The defence of nunneries, the condition of the Church before the reformation, the doctrine of purgatory, the Catholic understanding of the pope's authority, indulgences, and the invocation of saints, are all exhibited to us in a manner which will delight every member of the good and learned bishop's communion, and realize the hope with which he concludes his article, "that his readers will be more excited to search after truth, and embrace it in unity."

Discourses delivered at the second commemoration of the landing of the Pilgrims of Maryland, May, 1843, by Rev. P. Corry, and Hon. John C. Legrand.

We are indebted to the politeness of the Rev. P. Corry, A. M., professor of Latin and Greek at Mt. St. Mary's, Maryland, and the Hon. John C. Legrand, secretary of state for the state of Maryland, for copies of their orations delivered on the 10th May last, in honor of the landing of the pilgrim fathers of Maryland. Though looking at this subject in different views, both of the above addresses are able, eloquent, and pertinent to the occasion. When we finished the perusal of Mr. Legrand's oration, we felt proud of our Maryland origin, and of the lofty sentiments of our forefathers, who, in liberality and justice, were two centuries in advance of the age in which they lived. "Within the confines of the civilized portion of the world," says Mr. Legrand, "where, according to the benevolent precepts of the religion it professed to support, should have reigned uninterruptedly, charity and good will, angry discussion and ingenious cruelty were the evidences furnished of the reign of the 'Prince of Peace;' and where the equalizing tendencies of Christianity, should have been hailed as glad harbingers of man's progress, in the blinded hope of winning divine favor, bigoted zeal sought the destruction of its image on earth. The heart sickening at such perversions of the soul—exalting and purifying doctrines of the Redeemer, the pious founders of Maryland in seeking out an asylum from the persecutions to which they had been subjected, determined to vindicate the religion of peace, and the rights of man, by laying down as the corner stone of the social edifice they were about to rear in the western wilds,—the rights of man, without permission or constraint of any kind, to approach the throne of his Maker, in whatever form of supplication he might deem most acceptable."

The address of the Rev. Mr. Corry is a beautiful defence of the character of the Catholic clergy, and certainly no occasion could be more appropriate to such a subject than that which celebrates the policy of the Catholic founders of Maryland, with which the name of Father White is so eminently identified. He shows how from the earliest ages the popes and doctors of the Church contended for the responsibility of the prince to the people over whom he presides, and for the doctrine that all princely authority emanated from the people. "As we advance towards our own times," says the reverend orator, "the evidence accumulates, and it would be too tedious and difficult to detail it. You will pardon me, however, if I adduce one more proof of my position, from another writer of high authority in the Catholic Church; and it is the more decisive and interesting, as the author maintained the supremacy of the people against the very body of men that charge the Catholic clergy with being the enemies of civil liberty. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in the reign of Elizabeth, and afterwards in that of James, when the 'now enlightened' clergy of the Church of England were piously searching the Scriptures for divine authority to establish the divine right of kings, and forcing it upon the poor dissenters by the gentle suasion of rack and confiscation, Bellarmine, from the Vatican, 'from the very palace of the Pope,' denounces all arbitrary or irresponsible power as a usurpation, 'and condemns it as false that princes hold their power from God only: and that it belongs to the people to determine, whether they shall be ruled by kings or consuls:' that is whether their government shall be a monarchy or a republic. And this is the doctrine that is held by all Catholic theologians prior to the reformation."

The fourth number of the Messrs. Sadlier's Catholic Family Bible has reached us, nothing abated in the elegance of paper and print which characterised the former numbers. We repeat the hope that every Catholic, not already supplied with a family edition of the Bible, may make it a duty to purchase the work for the great gratification it will afford himself, as well as to encourage the enterprise of the worthy publishers.

☞We are compelled, from want of space, to omit several other notices.

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